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NEVER DESPAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

I.

Never despair! it is braver and better
Something of pain to hide deep in the breast,
Than to fall down in the heat of the battle
Childishly crying from pain to have rest!

II.

Never despair! it is braver and better
Still to be patient; our end of the cross
Ever grows lighter the longer we bear it;
Faith can still brighten the loneliest loss!

III.

Never despair! it is braver and better
Up to the hills of the morning to press;
Sunlight crowns only our daily endeavor,
Grief that is nourished will never grow less!

IV.

Braver and better, oh, braver and better
Ten times to fail than never to try.
Up and be doing! Hope shineth eternal!
Lo, 'tis her rainbow that spanneth the sky!

THE TREASURE SEEKERS.

A ROMANCE OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "SKALE THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYRE," "THE TORY BROTHERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV—(CONTINUED.)

The contending vessels were now rapidly nearing each other, the merchantman not yet firing a gun. To the round shot from the privateer grape-shot was added, scattering around with its wonted appalling effect, while the heavy balls continued to tear up decks, dash in bulwarks and to cause those terrible missiles, the splinters, to fly, spreading destruction among the crew of the Englishman. Crowds of armed men were now distinctly seen gathered on her decks, while the crew of the Breeze also pressed toward her larboard side, prepared for a hand-to-hand combat.

The moment was one of awful expectancy. The dreadful silence that precedes the roar of battle, fell upon both vessels. The gently rolling sea made mournful undertone, as if conscious of the bloody scenes soon to be enacted upon its surface.

Suddenly at the word of their commander a terrific discharge came from the starboard battery of the merchantman, and almost simultaneously the larboard battery of the brig opened with an equal thunder. The long forty-two of the latter was then neglected, each vessel working eight guns of a side.

Captain Arneton saw that from the crowded condition of his decks the shot of the merchantman would tell with more deadly effect upon his crew than his own guns would upon the enemy. He immediately resolved to relieve his men of this disadvantage by boarding.

He accordingly changed his course so as to pass the bows of the Indiaman, intending to rake his opponent thoroughly and then board him. But this movement was anticipated by the English captain, who was working his vessel most gallantly; and falling off before the wind also, he let drive at the privateer with his whole starboard battery, carrying away her fore-gaff and the peak-halyards of her mainsail, which last came thundering down by the run.

Then, despite the broadside of the brig which swept in flame and thunder along her decks, laying low many a gallant seaman, the merchantman again hauled upon the wind, so that, disabled as the former now was, she lay exactly in the path of the Indiaman, and was in danger of being run down by the immense hull of the latter.

This seemingly inevitable result was prevented, and the whole aspect of the combat changed by one of those apparently trivial events that so often turn the tide of battle, giving victory where disaster seemed certain.

At the moment of receiving the broadside of the Englishman, there were two men at the helm of the privateer, one was instantly killed by a grape-shot, falling with the wheel in his grasp. The other, who was unhurt, endeavored to free the wheel from the hold of the dead man, and, forgetting that the helm was still a spoke or two a-lee, in his haste and momentary confusion he put it hard up. The brig still had headway upon her, and the wind striking her disabled sails brought her head around to port, so that being a point upon the Indiaman's starboard bow, her jib-boom just swept clear of the ship's cutwater, and in an instant she was lying afoul, along the weather side of her opponent.

Captain Arneton, a great joy succeeding his late despair, saw the advantage thus given.

"Boarders, away!" he shouted, and followed by a hundred of his men, he instantly leaped upon the Indiaman's deck. A volley of musketry received them, and a dozen of his brave comrades were laid low, but unchecked by the discharge the remainder pressed forward to the combat. The struggle was brief, for the English captain seeing the folly of resistance, hauled down his colors, and surrendered.

"She strikes!" was the triumphant cry of the Americans. But their brave young captain heard not the shouts of victory. Struck in the breast the moment before, by a ball from a musket, he lay bleeding and unconscious upon the enemy's deck. Will Hammond, who had not feared to follow in that desperate onset, saw his young friend fall, and hastened to his assistance. Quarter was given to the English, and while the surrender of their vessel was received, a the number of the crew of privateer gently bore the form of their gallant leader to the deck of his own vessel.

The surgeon instantly attended, and examined the wound.

He shook his head dubiously as he probed the ghastly opening, and a look of sorrow passed over his face.

"It is not a mortal hurt, doctor?" cried Will Hammond, in anguish, as he noticed the surgeon's serious countenance. "Oh, say not that! My friend must not die in this hour of victory."

"It is a very dangerous wound," was the answer. "Half an inch to the left and he must have perished instantly. There is a hope that he may recover as it is—but I fear the worst. Let him be carried below."

Sadly and tenderly the wounded captain was borne to the cabin by a few of his men. Will Hammond followed, almost weeping in the keenness of his sorrow.

The knowledge of their young commander's condition spread a gloom among the crew of the privateer, who else had been more joyful over their success. True, a number of their comrades had fallen, but the loss of none could be felt like that of their beloved captain.

The wounded of the merchantman were handed over to the surgeon of the privateer, and the remainder of her crew were sent on board the brig. The victors then set about securing their prize, and repairing the damages done to both vessels; and before evening had darkened the sea the privateer and the Indiaman were close hauled upon the wind, and stood in for the American coast.

The injury to both was chiefly in the upper works, spars and rigging, neither having received any material damage between wind and water. No alarming leak, therefore, was sprung, and what few were to be found were soon plugged by the carpenters of both vessels—the carpenter of the prize being pressed into assisting in that service.

A stout prize crew was placed on board the Indiaman, there being plenty of hands to spare from the Breeze.

About midnight a calm fell, lasting till morning, but at sunrise an extremely favoring wind sprung up, and before it the two vessels sped swiftly in toward port. The Indiaman was found to be richly-freighted, as indeed was to be expected of all traders of her class sailing in those waters.

Will Hammond most cheerfully took upon him the office of nurse to his wounded friend, and a tender and capable one he proved.

"I have found my position at last," he said, his natural light-heartedness hardly to be repressed by the seriousness of the captain's condition. But our hero had revived somewhat during the night, and this favorable turn had in a measure taken the weight off Will's spirits.

"I didn't think of acting in this capacity when I shipped on board the Breeze, but there's always an opening for him who watches. If I were to enter a monastery I have no doubt I could make myself useful. It's my fate—I never was a supernumerary. I'm glad of that, though I am sorry indeed that my friend needs my services in this way. But he'll get well—I know it. *I* wouldn't die in my first fight unless I were beaten."

And he rattled on, hardly knowing what he said, so overjoyed was he at the prospect of Walter's recovery. A great agony had filled his soul until the surgeon had informed him that the wounded man was doing better, and then the gay young fellow took it for granted that his friend would be on deck in a day or two.

But a change for the worse soon occurred. Great weakness, fever and delirium followed. For days the young captain's life was despaired of—his wound was indeed a fearful one, and only his strong constitutional power enabled him to fight death away.

Will Hammond was by his hammock almost the whole time. The devotion of the young man was touching to behold. Sorrowing more than any other—and all grieved greatly because of their captain's sufferings—he was yet the most cheerful man on board the vessel; as brave as any in combat, he was the tenderest as nurse and attendant. His nature that seemed lightest was proved to be deepest, and the whole crew came to love and admire the "marine," as he at first was called.

A turn in Walter's illness took place as port was approached. The fever and delirium left him. The ball that could not for a long time be removed from his breast was extracted, and its irritating presence no more retarded recovery.

He opened his eyes one day toward sunset after a longer and more natural slumber than had before been his since the battle, and met the gaze of his faithful friend fixed upon his face. Will saw with joy the improved condition of the wounded one.

"You are yourself again, captain," he exclaimed delightedly.

"Did the prize escape?" was Walter's first and anxious question.

"Bless you, no!" was the joyous answer. "*You* escaped, Walter—escaped death, and a narrow chance it was."

"We captured her, then?" asked the young captain, who appeared most anxious on that point.

"Of course we did," answered Will. "Wasn't *I* along? and I didn't sail to be captured. Seriously, Walter, all is well. The ship became ours, and we are nearly in port with her."

"It was my first engagement, you know," said Walter. "I didn't want to fail the first time."

A look of irrepressible humor showed in his companion's face.

"Not your *first* engagement, Walter. You were delirious, and spoke of—of Auria Melford," smiled Will.

The young sailor blushed, but he said with a look of joy:

"My secret is out, then, Will? Well, it is a happy one. I intended to have told you of it before, but we were so busy, you know." And he smiled faintly, but brightly.

"TO-MORROW NIGHT I WILL BE THERE," SAID GILBERT DUNNTON.

"I excuse you, Walter," said Will laughingly. "Love and war make lively times."

"What else did I say, Will?"

"O, I couldn't remember, nor repeat it if I could. You roamed the whole ocean, from the Horn to Nova Zembla, captured the entire British navy, and made an American Blake of yourself. But you must not talk nor listen any more now; you are weak."

"Everything goes well on board the brig and the prize?"

"Yes, sir; you need have no apprehension on that score. The first mate commands in your place—"

"Matley is an excellent seaman."

"And the second mate with a stout crew has the prize. So you see, captain," concluded Will with his old humor breaking out, "we could get along very well without you—but we wouldn't want to, not one of us. There, now; I'm going above. Be quiet. I will send the surgeon to tell you you will soon be well enough to go on deck."

He left the cabin, and Walter turned wearily, but happily to his rest.

From that hour his recovery was certain, though slow. His prostration had been very great, and when his vessel reached port he was still weak and unable to command.

It was late one beautiful summer evening that the Breeze with her magnificent prize passed Sandy Hook. A pretty sight it was to see her beating up toward the bay, with a bright blue light at her fore, glittering like a spirit, and casting its radiance upon every rope and spar and over the harbor waters.

A proud hour it was for captain and crew when the two vessels reached the city, and the news of the achievement of the privateer spread among the people.

The crew of the Breeze were retained, and preparations immediately made for another cruise. By the time she was again ready for sea it was hoped that her captain would be able to take command of her.

"Now, my friend," said Will Hammond to Walter, when they were ready to leave the brig, "you must go with me to my home, and remain there until your vessel is ready for you. Of course you will want to run up to your own home for a day or two, and there will be time for that. The best medical attendance shall be yours here in the city, and every comfort shall be provided."

"Thank you Will, thank you. You are kind—too kind to me," said Walter gratefully. "But I have been on your hands long enough. I do not need medical attendance, I think, so much as rest and quiet. I must go to my own home. There are my foster-parents and my sister."

"Ah, yes, your sister," interrupted Will. "I had almost forgotten you had one, though you made most brotherly mention of her in your brain-wanderings. She is a good sister, I have no doubt, and—and I would like to meet her."

"You shall have that pleasure, I promise you."

"But I must first see Lily and father."

"Of course you must; and, Will, you will manage to get word to—to—"

"To Miss Melford, concerning you," said the young man archly. "Certainly I will. It would be an excellent thing to get Miss Melford herself to your presence. That would be *one* advantage of being at my home."

Walter Arneton would indeed have rejoiced to see his betrothed, but he felt that he ought to proceed to his own home rather than accept the generous hospitality of the Hammonds, and he must therefore deny himself the happiness of meeting Auria for some time.

"She shall have a good account of you," promised Will, "and of the whole crew of the Breeze, including myself. I'm not going to be a bit modest, standing back and disclaiming the honors when all the while I want to be *heroized*."

"Don't be too extravagant of your praise, at least in behalf of me, I entreat you," said Captain Arneton. "And don't forget to mention that we came near being sunk after all."

At this juncture a conveyance arrived to bear the wounded captain—too weak yet to walk unsupported—from the vessel to his home.

"You will come up to see me?" asked he of his friend as they parted.

"I certainly shall. I would accompany you if you would only permit it."

"I am in good hands. Matley goes with me. Go at once to your father and sister. Good-bye, and God bless you, Will."

The gallant young fellow hurried off, and at the distance of only a square or two met Mr. Hammond and Lily, who, hearing of the brig's arrival, were hastening down to see him. It was a happy meeting, as may be imagined. The merchant's first inquiry, after greeting his son, was for Walter Arneton.

"Have you deserted him, Will?" he asked. "Why did you not bring him with you to our home?"

Explanation was made, and the happy trio, after going to the wharf to take a look at the privateer and her prize, returned to their home.

Captain Arneton reached the residence of his foster-parents safely, where an equally joyous greeting was received. We will not attempt to picture the joy that attended the re-union of brother and sister, and as for the delight of John Manners and his wife at once more seeing their "boy," it was simply unbounded and indescribable.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TREASURE SEEKERS AGAIN.—AT THE WRECK.

Once more in the lonely cabin which afforded a safe place for the occasional meeting of Surf Castleman and his colleague, Gilbert Dunnton, the two conspirators met. A considerable period had elapsed since the consultation there held, as described in a fomer chapter, and the promise then so bright of the early success of their dishonest labors, had not yet been realized. Their conversation will explain the cause of this disappointment.

Gilbert Dunnton was the first to reach the rendezvous. A look of intense anxiety was on his features, as if he had been subjected to a long-continued mental strain—as if the exciting hopes he entertained had worn upon him causing him sleepless nights and uneasy days.

His companion soon joined him, signaling his approach by a peculiar whistle.

The dark faced diver also looked anxious and unrestful as if he too had suffered from the tantalizing play of hope and fear in his mind.

"Curse the luck, Dunnton!" was the exclamation that took the place of greeting as he entered the cabin.

"The same, I say," responded the other. "Is it fate, I wonder? Are we to fail after all?"

"No," answered Castleman, fiercely. "But this accursed delay is not pleasant to endure."

Gilbert Dunnton smiled.

"You sneered at my impatience some time ago, Castleman—but now you are squirming yourself. I tell you, man, with poverty ours, yet uncounted treasure almost within our grasp, it is no easy thing to wait so long to reach it."

"It is as you say. Why, Dunnton, you look ten years older than you did a month ago. And I am changed too. I feel it. I preached patience at first, because it was necessary—it is yet—but I confess I want to know the result of this venture soon. I am still confident of success, but I am tired of this eternal dallying. First, it was necessary to keep quiet for a time, because we were watched—I know it; Old Manners was spying around for a week, before he concluded that nothing was decidedly wrong. I would have slit his throat if it were not that his disappearance would raise such a noise and search. And then I didn't like the idea of doing it, since he is so particulary dear to Miss Amy Arneton. You understand, Dunnton, that I don't give *her* up yet. Well, the next delay was brought about by the breaking of the diving-apparatus, costing us a week for repairs; for as fate or the devil would have it, work that could be done in a day must be hammered at seven. And so it goes. Now, that young captain is in the neighborhood, idling about with a bullet-hole in his breast—I wish there was another one, for I hate him as much as I love his sister. I suppose he will make it his special business to superintend the *night operations*, at the wreck. *They* shall now go on though, and spies, if caught, must suffer the fate of spies."

"You are ready then to proceed again?" asked Dunnton eagerly.

"Yes; to-day I cleared a late deposit of sand from the box we are seeking, and to-morrow night, if you are ready, we will risk an attempt to put it in our possession."

"To-morrow night, you say?"

"Without fail."

"I will be there."

After arranging the minor parts of their programme, so far as it was then possible, the two men bade each other good-night, and by opposite paths took their way from the spot.

The next day was dull and rainy. At nightfall a thick mist settled over land and water. It was just the sort of weather the treasure-seekers had prayed for, since the mist and fog afforded a screen for their operations.

During the day the work of the parties legitimately engaged in the attempt to recover the sunken coin had industriously progressed. With darkness their labors ceased, the spot was deserted, and silence reigned over water and shore around.

Hours passed by; the muffling wind grew denser; the air was filled with a damp, sepulchral gloom, from which no eye could pierce, though the darkness was not intense.

Midnight!

It was the time fixed upon by the plotters for the commencement of their work. Suddenly the thick, fog-filled air in the vicinity of the wreck was parted like curtains, and a boat in which were three men was softly rowed until it rested just over the sunken ship. Like a shadow amid shadows the mysterious craft moved, its occupants interchanging no spoken word, but whispering cautiously to each other. The boat had not approached the spot from the shore, but from the direction of the sea, as if it had left an anchored vessel.

After a few moments waiting this ghostly craft was joined by a smaller one, that with equal caution was rowed from the mainland. In it was Gilbert Dunnton, pale, excited and nervously eager. Another occupant the boat also had, but so silent, so shadowy was he in his every movement, that he seemed more like a dark spirit than a tangible human presence.

The coming of the second boat was quickly noted by those in the other, and a low whisper of greeting issued from the lips of the central figure of the three—Surf Castleman. The two parties thus made aware of each other's presence, rowed their boats alongside, and lashed them together. Both were then secured to the anchored sloop—a rude "stationary" craft—which was used as a base of operations by the day-workers. The entire apparatus used by the honest parties in prosecuting their labors was on hand, and in perfect order, as Surf Castleman had taken care that it should be.

"A most favorable night for our work," whispered the diver to Gilbert Dunnton.

"It is, indeed," responded the latter. "Is everything prepared?"

"Everything; even to placing a knife to cut the lashings of the boats if we are disturbed. I am going down immediately." So saying he prepared himself for a descent into the water. The first movement of the midnight workers, after arranging the diving apparatus, was to produce a huge lantern, of peculiar construction, and, after lighting it, place it in a position for sinking in the water. Their evident object was to illuminate scenes below the surface, to facilitate their operations.*

* Lanterns so constructed to as illuminate the subaqueous operations of the divers were used at different periods, but in general it was found that the turbid condition of the currents rendered them of little service.

The apparatus used by the diver we will not attempt to describe, further than to restate that the principal feature of the contrivance used was the diving bell.

Everything being in readiness, at a given signal Surf Castleman was lowered into the water. The huge lantern, casting an awful radiance in the caverns of the sea, accompanied him in his descent.

Down, down he went to a depth of ninety feet—a fearful distance for a breathing man to descend into such an element. But the skillful diver had no fear, unless it was that his search might be interrupted by outsiders. He was familiar with every accessible portion of the wreck, knew every turn of the currents that swept around and through it, and was aware of every to be expected disturbance caused by the tides. Eager and excited, yet self-controlled and confident, he made the thrilling venture.

Let us in imagination go with him in his explorations of those dismal depths—those mouldering ruins of the once proud ship.

Meeting with no obstacle in his progress downward, he soon reaches the mysterious and hidden place where lies the treasure he seeks. The huge ribs of the vessel are at one point stove in, forming a sort of doorway to her interior—a grim and picturesque portal, suggestive of the greater grimness and picturesqueness beyond. Her open ports yawn like the half-remaining windows of a ruined castle, and the sand is heaped about her as the simoom pile is about the bones and *debris* of a perished caravan.

Through the rough, wrecked entrance mentioned, Castleman enters. The lantern is secured just inside, in a position that had before been prepared for it. It serves, though but partially, its purpose of illumination, casting a most ghostly light over a portion of the wreck. The threatening guns of the Grenadier, that often had thundred in battle against the French, have slipped from their position, and now, covered with slime and rust, lie in a confused row on the top of other rubbish.

A way is found through the accumulated ruins, and the bold treasure-seeker proceeds. His path is over rotten cordage, bolts, beams, and in fact almost every sort of obstruction, including human skeletons.

His foot struck against a skull. He paused. A thought—horribly humorous—entered his mind. He placed his hands upon the ghastly relic of mortality.

"Shall I signal them to hoist the bucket," he reflected, "and send *this* up to Dunnton? It would be a grim joke, and he is so fearfully expectant. No; there is no time for such foolery."

He passed on, and soon reached that portion of the ship in which lay the treasure of which he was in search—the brass casket, the whereabouts of which he had previously ascertained, and which was believed to contain articles of immense value.

Here we must pause to acquaint the reader more fully with the facts relating to this separate treasure.

Gilbert Dunnton had by chance formed the acquaintance of an old Englishman—formerly in some capacity connected with the Grenadier—and had learned from him a secret well worth knowing if what the old man asserted could be proved true. This was a statement that the Grenadier had on board at the time of her foundering, in addition to a vast sum in coin, a casket in which were articles such as diamonds, pearls, necklaces, etc., of inferior value as compared with the gold, yet still of immense worth. Dunnton of course first heard the old man's story with ridicule and incredulity. But the latter had such evident faith in the truth of his assertion, and gave such a circumstantial account of the way in which he came to be in possession of the secret, that the young man at last became interested. He did not, however, consider it of any great value until a remarkable chance appeared to confirm the truth of the existence of such a prize. If the sunken vessel had indeed carried such treasure it might be worth looking after. The co-operation of the intelligent and mysterious Surf Castleman was secured, and after many delays and vexations, the two men, with the aid of a few necessary and trusted assistants, had brought the matter to the point indicated above.

The diver reached the spot he sought. Trembling, he felt for the casket. It was there, though a fresh deposit of sand had partially covered it again.

He secured the strange-looking box, placed it in the bucket lowered for the purpose, and then signalled to be drawn up.

Those above who had been intently watching the cords that gave them connection with the daring diver, in response to the signal carefully obeyed it. The tiny bubbles that had all the while been struggling to the surface of the water, increased in size and number as Castleman drew more excited breath—air had been supplied him through a tube contrived for the purpose—and soon a greater agitation of the water announced his coming. He emerged from the brine, dripping and quite exhausted.

It was an anxious moment to Gilbert Dunnton. In the ascended bucket lay a strange-looking box, its outside all green and mouldy. It was just such an object as the old Englishman had described.

Did it contain all that he had stated?

There was no time to examine it now; the reviving diver must be attended to, and escape made.

With the utmost celerity the box was transferred to the larger boat, and then the apparatus used was put in the order it had been found, for the treasure seekers did not wish it to be suspected that secret operations had been carried on.

If the supposed casket had in it little or nothing of value, it was their design to continue their midnight labors, with the hope of securing a portion of the coin, since that was known to be there, and if any man could reach it, Surf Castleman could.

The diver, now himself again, had reached the larger boat. The precious box was already there. Gilbert Dunnton was in the

act of stepping from the smaller boat to that in which Castleman was, when suddenly an alarm was sounded; an unseen craft swept swiftly up, parting, as luck or chance would have it, the boats of the treasure seekers before Dunnton could make the intended transfer of himself to the larger.

"Quick!" warned Castleman in an excited whisper. "Quick, or you are lost; we are discovered!"

The shouts of the unwelcome comers now broke the midnight stillness. They had made sure that something was wrong.

Gilbert Dunnton leaped for his comrade's boat, but the distance had widened; the hostile craft was between, and with a bitter curse he fell into the water.

All was now confusion. Lanterns flashed in the misty gloom; voices loudly called and threatened; and even firearms were discharged.

"To the oars, men," ordered Surf Castleman, but not in a tone loud enough to enable the intruders to recognize his voice. "Pull for your lives; pull in any direction, though we dare not board my schooner. There is no wind to move her. Dunnton is overboard, but we must leave him, and save ourselves and the treasure."

"I swear, though," he muttered to himself, "I would not have deserted him thus had I not been forced to. He is a strong swimmer, and will escape. We will meet again, for I will do the fair thing by him."

All this time the men were stoutly pulling at the oars, sending the boat swiftly forward through the gloom.

Where meanwhile was Gilbert Dunnton? A prisoner or a fugitive? He would hardly perish by drowning, for the shore was near, and he was an expert swimmer.

CHAPTER XVI.

GILBERT DUNNTON MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

Enraged beyond measure by the misfortune that had overtaken him, Gilbert Dunnton still maintained sufficient composure to endeavor to save himself from capture and the greater danger of drowning. His wrath lent him strength, and he easily kept himself from sinking. The suddenness with which he was precipitated into the water caused him momentary confusion, and in the obscurity he hardly knew in what direction to strike out for shore. He quickly recovered himself, and at a hazard swam strongly for some distance, pausing then to note his situation. Through the mist he saw the dim, glancing lights of his pursuers—for such they would have been had they discovered him—and guiding himself partly by the faint flashes of the lanterns and partly by the flow of the water, he soon reached the shore in safety.

In pitiable plight he was—wet, tired, and most bitterly disappointed.

"Curse them—oh, curse them!" he exclaimed in tones "not loud but deep." "In the very moment of success they must come to balk me. The casket is found, but it is in Castleman's hands, and he is off I know not to what point. If the box indeed contains half that it is said to, I will never see him again. He will laugh at my misfortune, doubly enrich himself, and care not what becomes of me. Oh, curses on those meddlers, I say."

In justice to the diver it must be said that he fully intended to keep his faith with Dunnton, notwithstanding the opportunity afforded him to possess himself of the entire treasure. This was a different course from that Dunnton himself would have pursued, for the probability is that, had the latter found himself in possession of such an advantage over his associate, he would not have hesitated to appropriate the whole contents of the casket. Making most mention of "fair dealing," "honor," etc., he was yet most to be suspected and doubted himself.

"Perhaps," thought Dunnton, continuing his bitter reflections as he rested himself, preparatory to flight, "perhaps the rascal would have murdered me to secure my share of the prize if I had trusted myself on board his schooner or with him in any other place. But I was determined to risk it. I must have money or die. I *will* have gold. I fear I have failed in this enterprise, but I have another chance yet. But I must not remain longer here, or those hounds will be upon me."

Again anathematizing his enemies, he ran up the beach, struck the road leading toward the city, and with all possible expedition left the scene of his adventures.

Through the early hours of that foggy morning he continued his flight, and about sunrise reached an obscure tavern, with the proprietor of which he was acquainted. He invented an explanation of the cause of his dubious appearance, and was received with the usual show of cordiality, though the landlord was exceedingly mystified to see his gentlemanly guest in such a plight. He dried his wet clothing, proceeded to the city, and was soon attired in garments that indicated a more recent acquaintance with the laundry.

But though his linen was fresh and white, and his physical condition not in the least impaired by his unpremeditated bath, his soul was full of mortification and rage. All day he stormed and fumed in secret, cursing himself, his enemies, Surf Castleman and the world in general. Toward evening he took a stroll by the Battery to cool his fevered blood.

In no enviable condition of mind he moved along, reflecting upon his next plan of action. He thought, of course, of the lost treasure—wondered if Surf Castleman was the villain that he himself was—thought next of Auria Melford, whom he knew both disliked and dreaded him.

"I will devote myself more ardently than ever to obtaining her hand," he resolved. "Miss Auria is a beauty, and what is better, an heiress. The combination just suits me. If Soule were only in this country now, how much better my prospects would be of winning her. He says—or writes rather—that he could assist me in my wooing."

At this juncture a hand was laid upon his shoulder—a friendly voice addressed him:

"Is it possible, Gilbert Dunnton, that you would pass me without recognizing me? Are you sleep-walking in the streets?"

That was indeed almost the young man's condition. Arousing himself, and looking up, he exclaimed, an expression of delight breaking over his worn features:

"What! Henry Soule! Can it be that you are here?"

"It is really I. Will you give me your hand?"

"With all my heart," answered Dunnton, extending his palm, which was warmly clasped by the stranger. "Pardon me; I was so astonished by your unexpected appearance that I forgot a courtesy that I more than feel."

"It is all right, my young friend, I know you are glad to see me, now that your surprise and bewilderment are over."

"What caused me to be more surprised was the fact that I was just thinking of you."

"Ah!"

"And wishing you were here."

"You supposed me to be in England?"

"I certainly did."

"I have been in this city for a week."

"And never informed me of your presence?" said Dunnton in a tone of reproach.

"You were not to be found," was the answer of the stranger, looking keenly at his friend.

"No—no"—stammered the latter. "I have been out of town of late. Quite busy, in fact."

"Were you profitably engaged?"

"No, curse it, quite the contrary."

"I thought so. I see it in your face. Tell me your difficulties—your troubles, Gilbert," said his friend in a low, sympathetic tone. "Perhaps I can help you."

"Let us seek a more suitable place for a conference," said Dunnton. "We may be interrupted or overheard here."

Taking his companion's arm, the two strolled to a spot that offered more retirement, and seating themselves, renewed the conversation.

The man addressed as Henry Soule was many years older than Gilbert Dunnton. He wore the garb of a gentleman, was short in stature and extremely slight in frame. He had on a broad-brimmed, slouched hat, drawn down far over his face, and his heavy beard and moustache, as well as his abundant hair, which was in the form of curls, aided still further in the concealment of his features. His voice was pleasing, almost feminine in its tone, and his manner appeared to be both nervous and self-possessed.

"Now for a full history of your more important doings, Gilbert, since we were last together," he said.

"It is not worth while for me to go over the whole ground of my experience," answered Dunnton. "My letters have informed you of everything but my connection with an enterprise, the failure of which—or rather *my* failure in respect to it—was the cause of my gloomy appearance when you met me this evening."

"Your abstraction was indeed of quite a melancholy order. What was the matter to which you refer, if I may ask?"

"Certainly. You shall know all."

And thereupon Gilbert Dunnton began and gave a circumstantial account of his attempts to enrich himself by possessing himself of a portion of the wealth in the sunken "treasure-ship."

Soule listened patiently to every word, not once interrupting the narrative by question or comment. His imperturbable countenance gave no intimation of his opinion of his friend's romantic action. At the close of the recital Dunnton asked:

"And now, my friend, what have you to say of this affair?"

"Simply this," was the response, uttered with an undisguised sneer, "that you have been a fool."

"Perhaps so, Soule, but your judgment would have been a different one had success attended me."

"Gilbert Dunnton," began his companion, in a tone of surprise and cold reproach, "I thought better of you than this. Here you have been idling away your time in a dangerous search for an imaginary treasure, neglecting, in part at least, an opportunity that is worth to you a thousand chimerical chances such as this you have mentioned. A rusty casket, containing, perhaps, a few brine-eaten trinkets, against the hand and fortune of Auria Melford!"

"You are too severe upon me, Henry," interposed the younger man, now that such contempt had been cast upon his pet scheme, somewhat abashed and inclined to think that he had permitted himself to become the victim of his credulity.

"You are quite too severe. I have not faltered in my devotion to the beautiful heiress; that is, hang it, I would not have faltered had I not been forced to. The lady is intractable, contemptuous. Since her removal to her guardian's home, I have called upon him and made formal application for permission to visit his ward as a suitor. I have arranged the preliminaries at least."

"You say that you made such a request of—of Syndam Hale?" questioned Soule, eagerly. He pronounced the name with an effort, as if the sound was hateful to him, and called up bitter memories. Under his heavy brows his dark eyes flashed, and a tremor of excitement shook his frame.

"I did," replied his companion.

"And how were you received?"

"With sufficient courtesy. I do not complain of the reception *he* gave me."

"And what was the answer to your request?"

"An ambiguous one. I was neither encouraged, nor discouraged by his reply."

"Permit me to inform you, Gilbert," said Soule, with the manner of one fully assured of the truth of his words, "that you will never become the husband of Auria Melford if the opposition of Syndam Hale can permit it, even if the lady herself were willing. He will dally with you—affect to be pleased with your preference, and all that, but at the same time be at heart bitterly hostile to your suit."

"You surprise me, Henry."

"It is as I say, and for this reason: Syndam Hale, schemer, hypocrite, money-lover as he is, plans that his wealthy ward *shall become the wife of his son.*"

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Gilbert Dunnton in astonishment, while at the same moment a light broke upon his mind. "Can it be as you say? Until recently the world has believed Syndam Hale to be a bachelor, but the circle of his acquaintances has lately been startled with the announcement that he has long been a widower, and that he has a son now returned to his father's roof, after a long and unexplained absence.

"All this is no mystery to me," spoke Soule with a calmness that had in it evidently much of suppressed emotion. "I have known the man for many years—I know his mind and his heart. Rest assured that it is his intention to act as I have stated."

"And I—I am to fail again?" exclaimed Dunnton bitterly. "Without the favor of Syndam Hale I can never make Auria Melford my wife. I had hoped for his assistance, for he has seemed to be drawn somewhat toward me!"

"Duplicity!" cried Soule impatiently; "or," he added to himself, "*instinct!*"

"What next am I to do?" asked the other in despair. "Poverty presses me hard once more, Soule. My last dollar is in my pocket. Gambling does not pay, luck is against me. But hold, I forget—I forget everything today but my folly—that *you* promised to aid me in making Auria Melford my bride. How can *you*, a stranger, have any influence in that direction?"

Soule smiled darkly under his heavy beard, as he answered:

"With Miss Melford directly I have none. But I can checkmate Syndam Hale. He will never see the heiress the wife of his son. You see through the plot, Gilbert, without explanation from me. It is to obtain control of the girl's property that he would become her father-in-law. Does not the will say that he shall have the management of her estate so long as she remains unmarried? The moment that she weds that power passes from him. But his son is a driveller—a weak-minded nothing—and the cunning schemer knows he can rule him as he wishes. Do you not comprehend?"

"I see it all," hissed Dunnton. "But how is this pretty plan to be balked? I am impatient. It appears to me that the advantage is with Hale."

"Trust me," said Soule. "I have a secret that shall prove Syndam Hale's ruin."

A look of demoniac hate shone in the eyes of the speaker. He put his hand in his bosom, and drew forth a packet.

"Take this," he said, giving it to his companion. "Read it when opportunity offers, and then visit Syndam Hale and use it against him. He shall second your suit if fear can force him."

Gilbert Dunnton placed the packet carefully in his pocket, saying:

"You have been a true friend to me, Henry. Your gold has educated me—lifted me to social position. For—"

"Would that I had more of it," interrupted Soule. "You should share it freely with me as you have always done. But my funds are nearly exhausted, and I take these desperate, but effectual means to replenish them. Syndam Hale has wealth. You shall threaten him; black-mail him; and *I* will ruin him at last."

The words were uttered in a fierce, passionate whisper, and it was plain that whoever Henry Soule might be, he was at least the merchant's mortal enemy. Gilbert Dunnton, wondering anew as to the cause of his companion's enmity to Hale, with some hesitation, said:

"Your hatred of the guardian of Auria Melford does not lessen. Might I without offence inquire its cause?"

"Not now—not now," answered Soule quickly, but with no show of displeasure at the question. "Some day—when you are the husband of Auria Melford, and my revenge is consummated—you shall know all."

A moment's silence ensued, and then he added:

"It grows late; we must separate, unless you will go with me to my lodgings. I have taken up my quarters at No. — Bond street. You will accompany me thither?"

"No, thank you, not to-night. I must return to my rooms at the — House. I regret that my quarters there are too luxurious for my purse. But I must manage to maintain appearances for awhile longer."

"Take this," said Soule, offering him a well-filled purse. "Nay, do not hesitate to accept it. I did not take your words as a suggestion. I would have proffered the money in any case. You can reimburse me hereafter."

He laughed—a low laugh of expected triumph it was—and Gilbert took the gold.

"You are very kind," he said. "Strangely kind. Why should you take such an interest in my welfare?"

"Because you are my friend—my only friend," was the reply in a tone of sudden sadness. "You save me from the misery of feeling utterly alone in the world—the great world so full of life and love. But let me not grow sentimental—it is not often I am so weak. I am hard, too hard, Gilbert. When my revenge and your triumph are secured, I shall soften, I think."

The words, judging from their tone, seemed the bitterest irony.

"Good-night," he added. "Be careful, very careful of the packet. Its meaning will be plain to you when read. You will know how to act. Use the power it will give you, prudently, but mercilessly. Good-night, again."

"Good-night," responded Dunnton, as, shaking hands, they separated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Incident in the Life of a Physician.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WALTER H. PORTER.

"And old Roger Doyle!"

"He is dead."

"And little Nellie Drew?"

"She is married."

"Eh?" I started, visibly started, and darted a furtive look of surprise and vexation at my interlocutor. I then essayed to speak, but succeeded only in stammering out such confused nonsense that I stopped abashed. Then, as is usual in such cases, I endeavored to cover the whole by an assumption of indifference, and said, with a smile, "Married? Ah! that's well."

The manner was not a success, the smile was a decided failure. The first had a tendency towards the preposterous, the latter towards the ghastly. Why was this? A very natural inquiry, but not quite so easy to answer. I proceed to state the case to the reader as it was evolved by the mental cross-examination to which I subjected myself. She a girl of sixteen. I a boy of eighteen. She the daughter of an indigent cobbler, who, by-the-by had been working away at this problem for many years, and had never found the solution: how to make the two ends meet; I by pedigree, birth, and education, what the world calls a gentleman; and the son of one rigid (perhaps bigotted) in his notions of the respect due to that character. Did I love her enough to make a great sacrifice for her? No. Putting my father's prejudice and this great social tyrant aside, did I love her sufficiently to marry her? Dubious. I took myself mentally by the collar (excuse the expression), I shook myself well—which was altogether unproductive of results;—and then dismissed myself with much the same air as a lawyer dismisses an enigmatical witness, in consequence perhaps of a mutual inability to comprehend each other.

"Married, is she? Ah! that's well."

"Undoubtedly," said my friend; "and here is her husband coming up the road at this moment. To witness, as the boys say, though not with exact logic, if I lie."

A heavy, dull, plodding working-man. A man of great physical strength, and great intellectual weakness. With an obtuse head, a low forehead, a dull eye, a hard visage, and an iron frame. The flippant would perhaps have said of him, he won't set the river on fire; the casuist would have said, God keep his soul.

There was a garden before my friend's house, at the gate of which we stood. As this fellow passed us, he raised his heavy head and looked at us. Simultaneously his whole appearance underwent a curious change. This heavy head of his appeared to bristle like an enraged boar; into those dull eyes of his there crept a sullen glare; and his fierce snarl emulated the tiger's. A brave man might have looked at him without trembling, but not without shrinking.

I was dumbfounded. When he had passed I turned to my friend for an explanation.

"What is the meaning of this?"

He seemed a little confused, and returned an evasive answer. But when I pushed the questions, he said, "He is jealous, I imagine."

"Of whom?"

"Of you. You see when this fellow came to marry the cobbler's pretty daughter there was a report, one of those vague reports of which no one will own the parentage, that it wasn't all right between you and his wife. Of course we all know that childish affair; and of course all who know you as you are, a good and honorable man, would not countenance nor credit such a groundless aspersion. So much for your part of the question; and as for her it would take a good deal to ruin the character of a girl like that in a town where she has remained unimpeachable for so many years. A good daughter, and a good wife. In short the calumny passed from her as harmlessly as a breath from a glass, with all but this fellow. But it stuck with him, and has remained by him ever since. Probably he makes his poor wife pay dearly for it; and the feelings with which he regards you were just now very unequivocally manifested."

This was a dismal prospect. First the thought that I had compromised this poor girl, however unintentionally, was a mournful contemplation. And secondly, here was I, a young practitioner, come to settle in the town, with the opportunity, with energy and patience, of working out for myself an extensive and lucrative practice, saddled with a horrible slander, which might revive, and confronted by the enmity of one of the wealthiest farmers in the country.

My friend, although kind and encouraging, could not help admitting that I had some cause for anxiety; but then, he urged there was much to counterbalance this, in the high standing of my father, and his numerous friends among the old residents, whose influence I could confidently count upon. This was indeed something, and youth is not easily cast down. But the poor girl? How singularly ideas which we think we have outgrown or forgotten recur to us. I had returned to the scenes of my childhood, after a five years' absence, with a vague hope of renewing my intimacy with Nellie. Although invariably repelled by reason I still clung to it with singular tenacity. Now this idle dream had vanished in a moment, and in its place a stern reality presented itself.

However my most sanguine anticipations were realized in the sequel. In fact I succeeded remarkably well in my profession. The influence of Young America had reached this town, and a young physician was no longer necessarily an ignoramus, nor his success an impossibility.

During the ensuing winter there broke out an epidemic of scarlet fever, which was very fatal to the younger part of the community. It carried off very large numbers of the little people. My task was indeed a painful one. I went about in the discharge of my arduous duties with a heavy heart as well as a heavy head. Passing from bed-side to bed-side where the little sufferers, between smiles and tears passed at the call of death into the Redeemer's arms, I was swayed by the various emotions of joy and gratitude at their bright destiny, and sorrow for the anguished hearts they left behind. Among the earliest of the sufferers from this malady was a child of the man who cherished feelings of such vindictive anger against me. As far as I was concerned, of course this could not effect me in the least. Even though this ill-feeling had been reciprocal, which was not the case, it could have in no-wise interfered; my professional services were as much at his command, as at those of any other stranger who stood in need of them.

The child's mother desired that I should be immediately sent for; and in the first agitation of fear ventured to express her wish. It was refused absolutely, violently, and fiercely, by Freen, (such was her husband's name;) his wife in the violence of her emotion, faintly objected—

"But the child may die."

"Pshaw! There's no danger of that. You women go almost wild if your brats get a pain in their little fingers. *Besides*," he added, in a lower voice, "even that would be better than to have that hound here! I'll send over a boy to R——, for Dr. Pax. Saddle the gray mare, Tom, and be off!"

The poor mother, forced to submit to this arrangement, subsided into silence and tears. She had but to wait and brood over her gloomy apprehensions. Who can tell what a world of suffering was compressed into those few hours. Those on high; and those who have fathomed, sublime vision, the profound and tender depths of a mother's love, wherein are mingled the ecstasy of smiles and passion of tears. Alas! poor girl! How tragic was her life—how pathetic was her love! Perhaps the shadow of an approaching grief was upon her; perhaps her heart was full of prophetic agony. It may have been so, for her worst fears were realized. The doctor arrived too late—the child died.

"In cases like this, people should not send for a doctor thirty miles off, whose duties frequently will not allow of a moment's absence; had you called in the young man, (rising man, really quite a credit to the profession,) who resides in the town, the child's life might have been saved."

Thus the physician spoke to the nurse, who answered only by sobs. And subsequently, offered his condolences (he was a good, gentle little man,) took his fee, and turned his face once more towards R——, where his arrival was hailed with exceeding joy by two old maids, very rich and very hypochondriacle, who took it as a personal offence and outrage, that he should thus have absented himself. It turned out, however, that they were not very hard-hearted, although a little inconsistent, for they wept copiously over the doctor's narrative, and chid him smartly for delaying to hasten to the bed-side of the dear child.

This conduct on the part of Freen was the subject of a good deal of adverse discussion in the town. Some were inclined to side with him, while others made him the object of severe censure. But he appeared to be indifferent alike to opposition and partizanship; while the only effect the death of his child seemed to produce on him, was to augment his aversion to myself. This is singular, but perhaps not unnatural in a man who instead of endeavoring to curb an evil passion, cherishes and fosters it.

"And so you were'nt called in the other day to Freen's child?"

"No. But I am truly sorry for the poor girl, and what adds to my grief is that, somehow or other, it appears to have been all my fault from the beginning."

"That is a severe, but I do not think a just self-accusation. I too am deeply touched at the poor mother's loss, whom you must remember I have known since we were both of us mere babies; but I cannot readily bring myself to regard you in the light that you would fain represent yourself. What right has this man to believe what every one else rejects; he should be the last one to credit it? What right has he to conceive such a hatred to one who has in nowise injured him?"

"I am indeed guiltless of any intentional injury; but my conscience is not quite easy upon the subject."

The preceding brief dialogue, with the friend introduced at the commencement of my story, took place in my study where I was reposing from the toils of the day. Soon after my old chum left me, and I fell into a light doze.

I know not how long my slumber had continued, when I was roused by a hand being laid lightly on my shoulder. I started up, and to my inexpressible surprise beheld the subject of our recent conversation, standing beside me. She was deadly pale, and quivering from agitation. I was inclined almost to doubt the testimony of my senses.

"Nellie—Mrs. Freen!"

"Hush!" she cried, in a wild way, and entreating me with her outstretched hands. "Will you come, oh! will you come and save my child! Listen. You were once my friend! my child is dying; I have lost one already, and oh misery! am I to loose another one? He is my youngest. It would kill me. Will you come and try to save him?"

I did not hesitate a moment. "I will come directly," I said, and then turning to my desk I wrote a hasty note, gave it to my errand-boy, took my hat, and told Nellie that I was ready to accompany her.

As we went along I had an opportunity of observing how changed she was. There was little indeed of the blooming cheeks and dazzling eyes of her girlhood, but she was still beautiful. The constant importunities of anxieties and gnawing cares, leave their marks upon the brow; but grief, like death, is often a beautifier. I also noticed that she suddenly clasped her hand on her bosom, as if struck by a sudden painful remembrance, and exclaimed in a frightened whisper,

"My husband!"

I, affecting not to hear this, walked on resolutely, without making the slightest allusion to the subject of her thoughts, though in truth he gave me some uneasiness. The house of Freen lay in what was called "the hollow;" it was about a quarter-of-a-mile from the town, in order to reach which you had to ascend a steep hill, almost the entire way. I resided in one of the last houses in the town, and so our walk was not a long one. We were soon by the side of the little sufferer, who I found in a rather critical condition, but one that did not altogether justify his mother's alarm. He had fallen into a light slumber. Of a very delicate beauty, as he lay, with his little flushed cheek on the pillow, and the long dark silken lashes, his resemblance to what the woman who stood beside me had once been, was very striking.

A trembling hand was laid on my shoulder. "Will he die, do you think, doctor?"

"I think he is extremely ill, but do not at all despair of his recovery. The case should have been taken earlier, but I will do my best."

She took my hand tenderly in hers and kissed it. She then said softly, "I think he will recover; heaven is very good." Having prescribed for the child, and recommended an experienced nurse, I took my leave, promising to call again during the night. As I was about to make my exit by the gate, I was startled by a ferocious growl close beside me. I jumped aside in considerable alarm, and could see by the faint light of the moon two enormous bull-dogs, who emerged from a kennel where they were chained.

"Ah, ha! you're there, are you? I'll take good care to give you a wide berth next time," I said to myself, as I walked rapidly away.

I did not go home, but spent the next few hours in visiting my patients. When I started to return to Freen's house it was by my watch a quarter of twelve. In passing the tavern I heard loud voices, among which I recognized that of Freen in an argument on some agricultural topic. The nurse had arrived nearly two hours before me. The moment I entered the room I recognized the hand of professional experience. I observed the child closely; no change for the worse had occurred. It was enough. I enjoined the nurse, if any such change should occur, to send for me, and prepared to take my leave.

"Be sure I will return the first thing in the morning, when the child will probably be much better."

At that moment a heavy footstep sounded in the hall outside the door, the next I stood face to face with Freen. It was evidently a shock to him, for he stood looking at me for some moments apparently dumbfounded, powerless to speak, but quivering with suppressed passion. At length he managed to articulate:

"What do you do here, scoundrel?"

I returned no answer.

He then turned to his wife, who stood trembling by, and cried in a terrible voice, "What is the meaning of this?"

"The child—" she faltered.

He did not wait for her to conclude, but stamping his foot savagely, he exclaimed, "Did not I tell you that I would not have this fellow? How dared you send for him?"

The nurse, a good old woman, here interposed, and laying her hand on his arm, said:

"Consider your child, sir; he has fallen into a slumber; if you wake him, it may be the cause of his death. The doctor will tell you so."

He scowled at her fiercely, but still this seemed to weigh with him, and turning his back, left the room. Poor Nellie could only stretch out her hands to me, and murmur, "Go;" an entreaty supported by the nurse. Indeed there appeared but one thing for me to do, to remain as composed as possible, and to remove myself with all speed from the sight of the enraged farmer. I followed him.

I passed into the garden. Freen was standing just outside the gate. As I issued from the house he turned and came toward me. He approached to within about one foot of me, and then thrusting forward his face, demanded,

"How dared you to come here?"

"I came in the discharge of my duty, and at the request of your wife. A lady comes to me, and says my child is dying, will you come? If it is possible, I go. And I am happy to say that, through the mercy of God, I have been able to render efficient aid to the poor child. At this moment you should be grateful to Him, and I hope softened toward me, even if you had any cause of resentment, which you have not."

"Liar! It is not enough that you have dishonored me, but you must come here and try to kill my child! But you shall pay for it—"

I know not if the reader has ever observed that in vulgar minds there sometimes exists a strong prejudice against our profession, which inclines them to regard us with considerable suspicion, and frequently induces them to make us, in a measure, responsible for the misfortunes which we have endeavored to prevent. This was evidently the case with Freen, who after this exclamation raised his heavy hand as if to strike me. He did not do so, however, but muttering "Not that," he turned away.

Now was my time; I passed through the gate, and the next moment was hastening along the road. I had not, perhaps, advanced thirty steps, when I heard distinctly the rattling of a chain, and a deep, prolonged growl. I doubled my pace instinctively, and grasped my cane tightly. A moment of breathless haste and intense listening. Hark! What was that? I heard the iron gate swing; the rattling of the chain continued. The suspense was dreadful. I ventured to pause an instant and look behind me. The moon's faint glimmer struggling between the heavy clouds enabled me to see. Oh, terrible! It flashed upon me in an instant; he was about to let the dogs loose; they would tear me to pieces. Alas! it would be useless to fly; but still I resolved to try it, and with a sudden spring I rushed forward at the top of my speed.

As I have before explained, the road was, in fact, a steep hill; in addition to which, in consequence of recent rains, the roads had been very much cut up by the heavy wagons, and I had to run over an uneven ground, frozen in enormous ruts. A few moments passed, and then I heard Freen hissing on the dogs. Straining every muscle almost to agony, I panted forward. My heart failed me; my friend had never got my note; I was a dead man. I could go no further; my knees sunk under me. I reeled forward, no longer able to run. I heard a horrid growl behind me, a shout from the top of the hill; I uttered a despairing cry, and the dogs were upon me.

Well, I was rescued. Of course that is understood; otherwise I would probably not have been here to tell the story. Yes, I was rescued, and it happened in this wise: The reader will remember that I wrote a note before I left my house; it was to my friend, telling him as a matter of precaution, where I had gone. He did not receive it till he got home a little before midnight, when he immediately started out. He saw Freen leave the tavern to go home; and apprehending some mischief, he called the landlord to his assistance, and with the aid of a couple of stout clubs, they beat off my canine assailants.

This, a physician's experience, is rather a tragic story; how many physicians could tell narratives of as dark a character. The profession is a noble one, in which there is great scope for doing good, but still it is a laborious one, and not always unattended by hazard.

☞ The college bred youth of this country are often very cultivated and very refined, and all that sort of thing, but when it comes down to right practical shrewdness, the veriest gamin of the street will take the honors from them. Out in Illinois some very nice young men from the University at Normal lately descended a coal shaft in pursuit of knowledge. Not wishing to soil their sleek hats they exchanged with some boys, who promised to hold their nobby tiles till they came up. They held them, but not there, and are doubtless holding them yet, if they have not sold them.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A New Londoner advertises one cent reward for his lost, strayed, or stolen wife.

☞ A border-ruffian of a postmaster out West cancels letter-stamps with his boot-heel.

☞ Dr. Mary Walker wants the Washington police force to carry sunshades.

☞ A young lady in Illinois beams upon society under the name of Luna Aurora Borealis Smith. Her intimate friends call her "Lu," and her enemies call her "Bore."

☞ The new leap year style of popping the question is, "Don't you want me to wash dishes for you?"

☞ The Cleveland Leader mentions an organ-grinder of that city as "an old veteran suicide inducer."

☞ A Kalamazoo judge fined a reporter for appearing within the bar in his shirt-sleeves. The reporter, however, proved to the satisfaction of the court that he had no coat, and the fine was remitted.

☞ The local editor of the Covington (Ky.,) Friend warns roughs that "there is a limit." He can't go in on his muscle, but think's a Derringer a very good thing in its way.

☞ In Petersburg the temperature is indicated by its effect upon paper collars. It is now reported at "three paper collar heat."

☞ Davenport has a girl who spells backwards. [We never thought backwards was a hard word to spell, before.]

☞ "Roasting a bovine in its totality" means roast ox in Iowa.

☞ A Shaker elder has left the fraternity because he was not allowed to kiss the sisters.

☞ When a young lady offers to hem a handkerchief for a rich bachelor, she means to saw in order that she may reap.

☞ It seems that the agitation of leather has become so frequent in Louisville as to have earned a slang name, for an exchange says: "The 'whizzing cowhide' agitates the gay young lotharios of Louisville."

☞ The driver of a grocery cart, who let a basket of eggs fall, says "That truth squashed to earth may git up and git, but he'll be derned if eggs will."

☞ A man in Wilmington, Del., whose feelings have been disturbed by the impertinence of the local press, writes to the Commercial of that city to know if he has a right to whitewash his chicken-coop.

☞ The "woman movement" progresses in the West. A young lady in Columbus, Ohio, has just vindicated her ability to deal with the sharpest of men by forging a note and swindling a national bank out of $300. She was a sewing machine agent.

☞ A Detroit paper says that Mr. George Barrell committed suicide because disappointed in a love affair. He couldn't bear the thought of remaining a single Barrell.

☞ A young man rode ten miles in a railway carriage with a young lady with the intention of popping the question, but all he said was, "It is quite moony to-night." "Yes," she replied, "muchly." And there wasn't another word said.

☞ The Chootaw Indians have organized a base ball club.

☞ A voice that could be heard from the "Colantic to the Exific Oceans" was all a colored orator wanted.

☞ A boy in Illinois, fired his arrow at a grindstone, and it rebounded and put his eye out.

☞ Levi Turnipseed was the name of one of the oldest Georgians, and a paper of that State chronicles the melancholy fact that he has just been planted.

☞ A California jury, in a suicide case lately, found the following verdict: "We, the jury, find that the deceased was a fool."

☞ In New Orleans, the street railroad companies have been suffering considerable loss from the large number of counterfeit five cent pieces in circulation in that city.

☞ By the last mail. Why should all Christian people drink lager? Because it fills them with grave thoughts of their own bier.

☞ Wisconsin is exciting itself about a little girl whose head is said to weigh seventy-eight pounds. How they manage to weigh the head without the body is not stated.

☞ An attempt was made a few days ago to throw a train off the track, on the line of the Montgomerie and Erie Railroad, near North Goshen, N. Y. The train was moving south, and was running at a high rate of speed, from being behind time, and came upon two railroad bars of iron, placed parallel with the track, with one end of each sufficiently elevated so that the pilot of the engines would strike them. The engineer discovered the obstruction only when within a few rods of them. The pilot lifted one of the rails squarely off the track, while the other one was thrust into the wood work of the pilot, and in that dangerous position was carried until the train was brought to a stop. The object of the villains was evidently to plunder the train during the confusion which would follow the wreck. No punishment could be too severe for such outrages as these.

☞ The death at Harrisburg was announced some time since of "Black Dick," an eccentric character, well known to the railroad officials of that city. The real name of the deceased was Richard Smith, and for years he had made it a special vocation to watch the arrival and departure of the trains, running ahead of the locomotive to warn children from the track and preserve them from danger. "Black Dick" was much respected and kindly cared for by the railroad officials and employes, who raised voluntary subscriptions among themselves to pay for his support. On Saturday, while in the midst of his self-imposed duties, he seemed to be seized with a fit, fell upon the platform, and soon after expired.

☞ Here are three laconics all in a row. They develope a new style of reporting, which if it becomes popular, may get our people into a "hitchy" habit of reading, which will bother a future generation of elocutionists:

At Port Austin—girl—kerosene—tears—funeral—vacant chair.

At Kalamazoo—boy—shot-gun—riddled—bowels—coffin to pay for.

The Kalamazoo schools are teaching 1,400 young ideas how to shoot.

☞ A budget of 2912 love letters has passed between a couple now about to seal their negotiations by wedlock, at Fort Wayne, Ind.

☞ The *American Historical Record* asks: "Was Washington an Englishman?" We think that depends upon where he was born. If he was born in Ireland, or America, or New Jersey, we would be willing to bet that he was not an Englishman. It is too late now to ask George about it.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ The following note to a school teacher in Troy shows that there is one woman who knows her rights—and knowing dare maintain them: "miss—— i want you to kno that i am the boss of my boy and when i say i want him to cum home at recess i mean business and dont want him kept till school is out if mothers aint to say what they want don about such things its time somebody knode it i dont want trouble but i am bound to have my rites yourss truely."

☞ The youngest newsboy in St. Louis is Eddie Kane, a three year old orphan, who has to make his own living.

☞ The Omaha Bee don't mean anything personal, but opines that if the Omaha postmaster would resign "many people would feel less anxious about their money orders."

IN THE GRAVEYARD.

There are roses of passionate sweetness
In the gardens under the hill,
Red-lipped and rich with the honey
That the brown bee sips at will.

Lightly their breath is blowing
Wherever the west wind flies,
A part of the breathing rapture
Of laughter, and kisses, and sighs.

But here, where the silence is perfect
As in undiscovered lands,
The lilies are blooming, like sainted souls,
With their gold harps in their hands.

And I think if the Lord at cool of day
Should again with His servants tread,
It is here that His feet would linger—
In this Garden of the Dead!

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

BY MARIA LOUISA POOL.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.

The next day, and the days that followed, revealed to this girl that Miss Lorillard loved Branwell—revealed it with a clearness that was undoubted, in spite of the suave concealment that was a part of Miss Lorillard's nature. And those days showed also to Miss Lorillard that Branwell, whose manner had almost promised a tenderness to her before he had seen this stranger, was under an influence before which her powers were powerless; that he was drawn unwittingly to the side of the girl; that he listened to her voice as he had never even in his most infatuated moments listened to the woman who would have sold her soul to charm him; and more than all, Miss Lorillard knew that he did not know his own heart, for his feelings had not recalled to him the tie that bound him.

She had studied well the character of this girl who suddenly appeared; she knew the pride that had hitherto controlled her life, and she knew also that no emotion of tenderness had previously risen to be battled with—never yet at least. With death in her heart Miss Lorillard cursed the mischance that had brought about this meeting just as success seemed for the first time faintly dawning upon her. Now she had a double force to fight—his indifference to her and his growing interest in the stranger. But with a perseverance, an energy that well might promise success, she was prepared to forge the last link in that chain she had been weaving; and doubly strong should that chain be, for she loved Branwell with a strength that sometimes comes to those false and hollow in every other way.

"How happily the days of Thalaba went by." Life for Branwell had waited until now; now its fruit had ripened. High in the purple heavens swung the censer of love, and its perfume filled the air. The hour of dearest romance, of profoundest feeling had dawned for him, and blindly he knew it not. It was this ignorance that made his happiness—a vague feeling that filled him, and for the time gave no room for doubt or regret.

He sought this stranger every day. His aunt had taken no fancy to her and did not cultivate her at all, for which Branwell was grateful.

It was surprising how Miss Lorillard's health had improved—apparently. There was a flush and a brilliancy about her, though she grew thinner and thinner.

At first she had proposed that they leave Niagara and go on, but Mrs. Richmond was charmed with the place, and could not think of leaving; and was not Miss Lorillard's health improving; and Miss Lorillard would not go and leave Branwell there.

A month, two months passed. Flitting travellers at the Falls might see the same party daily at the table of the C—— House. Mrs. Richmond, at last tired of the place, was proposing a change, to which her nephew listened with so much indifference that the lady was almost despairing. Meanwhile, Branwell for the first time in his life felt it almost impossible to leave a place which still held a woman for whom his interest was becoming uncontrollable. At that first mention of departure, the cloud of soft oblivion which had hidden his past and concealed his present feelings from him broke apart, and its rifts discovered to his soul a feeling which had possessed all his faculties so completely that he had not recognized it. And for the first time since his marriage he really felt his chains.

That evening he had been walking by the river with his new friend. His newly awakened consciousness gave him something of a *distrait* air, and a painful and penetrating silence fell upon them. Branwell felt that he could not be in this girl's presence without betraying what he felt, and he shrank from such a confession.

That night, as he stood with her hand in his to bid her good-night, he had resolved that he should leave the place on the morrow. Perhaps that resolution gave a strength to his eyes and voice, an inflection to his words that was as impossible to quell as to subdue the pulses that throbbed, the wild wishes that clamored to be expressed. But he said nothing; his words were the common farewell of a friend, and one overhearing them would not have said, "That man loves her," unless his burning glance had told the story.

"My good-night is my farewell," he said at last, "for I go away to-morrow."

Her pride rose to prevent the betrayal of anything beyond an ordinary warmth of feeling. He perceived it without knowing its cause, and his soul seemed frozen within itself.

"Good-by," she said, her hand dropping from his, and her head turned, looking off beyond into some invisible land into which he could not enter. She showed no surprise that he was going, and asked no questions. Yet still he lingered, with a desperate feeling that he must say one word more, though what he hardly knew.

"If I could tell you of the many things in my heart, Miss Eytinge," he said hurriedly, wondering what there could be in his words to cause that surprised arch of eyebrows; then leaving everything, he said again, "Good-by," and left her.

Hurrying up the stairs, in the upper hall he met Miss Lorillard, who said:

"I was waiting for you. May I see you a few moments."

Branwell, full of other thoughts, thinking with despairing happiness of the last touch of the hand he had just relinquished, the glance of eyes he had foregone forever, would have excused himself for the present; but looking at his companion, he saw that some deep resolution had induced the request, and with cold politeness he replied that he was at her service. She led the way to a private parlor, and sat down by a table instantly, as if fearing that she could not support herself. Her manner was very composed, however, and full of hauteur. Branwell stood by the empty fireplace, leaning upon the mantel, waiting her words.

It was hard for her to break the silence, but at length she said:

"I have a communication to make to you, which, however strange and unwomanly it appears, you will acknowledge that it is incumbent upon me to make—though I have hesitated long."

She paused to think of the exact words she wished.

Branwell, in a hard, cold tone, said:

"I listen." He was determined not to help her in the least.

"It is not likely that you have forgotten the circumstances of your marriage," she said, leaning her arm on the table and resting her head on her hand, though her eyes were fixed upon his face.

He bowed and said:

"I remember."

"I need not recall that stormy night on the Massachusetts coast, that little farmhouse, that blind bridegroom, that marriage wherein the bride first learned something of the nobleness of him she had married. William Branwell, I am that wife—that wife whose pride prompted the letter she sent you, but whose heart was touched by your words, your face, even on that first night that she saw you. But I had placed the barrier between us, and I could not bear that pity, that duty, should make you kind to me. Before I saw you, I thought that nothing could induce me to feel differently from the feelings I expressed in that letter; but from that first meeting on the evening of our marriage, I felt that it might be possible that I should repent penning those words. Do not think me unwomanly, for in my heart of hearts I do not feel that I am. I could not bear to present myself as a stranger to you, declaring myself your wife. I retained my maiden name and purposely embarked in the same steamer for America. I rarely lost sight of you for long at a time. I usually knew where you were, and at last I decided to become acquainted with you, to let you see Mrs. Branwell, for I knew you could not know her." Her voice wavered a little and she colored slightly as she went on.

I did not know but some kind thoughts of me might come to you; for it is true that some have seen that in me which attracted them—men for whom I could not care. It appears reserved for the man I married—of all men whom I have intimately known—to be indifferent to me."

Branwell had left his position opposite to her and was walking back and forth, his head bent, listening to these words. There was no tenderness in him for her; now that she had said this, she even repelled him. He would have given worlds had it been otherwise, but he could not help it.

He looked at her without stopping his walk, and said hardly:

"You are then my wife? You were Fermor Lorillard, my uncle's ward?"

Her eyes, large and bright, met his.

"I am your wife—I was Fermor Lorillard. You have said it."

He ignored all the suggestions of tenderness that had been in her words. Now finally he was to have the truth, the plain truth, and no more suppositions.

He stopped and leaned his hand on the table opposite her.

"This is a serious affair," he said. "You do not expect me to accept a story of such a transaction without proofs?"

"Assuredly not."

"The most full and satisfactory?"

"Certainly."

Miss Lorillard rose and looked at him. Branwell could not help being stirred by admiration, and she saw it.

"Mr. Branwell," she said, "does no instinct, no intuition tell you that what I have said is true."

"You wish me to reply with simple truth?"

Her lips trembled slightly as she said:

"Yes, the truth."

"Well, then, on the contrary, all the instincts of my nature tell me it is not true."

She held tightly by the chair in which she had been sitting.

"That is because you do not love me," she said.

He was silent, and after a moment she said:

"I would say nothing as if I reproached you. Question me, for I feel unable to talk unless you do."

"We will send for Morton, who was one of the witnesses," he said. "I left with Mrs. Branwell the certificate of our marriage. Has she it still?"

"She would not have easily parted with it," said Miss Lorillard, walking toward the door and leaving the room.

Branwell heard her go to her room. When there she poured some wine into a glass and drank it hastily, then took a paper from her desk and retraced her steps. Meanwhile Branwell had been standing almost motionless by the table, his soul struggling with the cloud of darkness that enveloped it. His whole existence refused this destiny thrust upon him. He fought with it as if he would awaken from a dream, horrible as it was real; and from amid all he saw one face, heard one voice, for whose smiles, for whose words he would have perilled all he held dear. And when Miss Lorillard entered he started as if she had not been one of the most beautiful of women.

She had a paper in her hand, which she held toward him in silence. He took it, detesting it with unreasonable hatred. He read it—every word.

This certifies that the rite of Holy Matrimony has been celebrated between Mr. William Branwell, of Dorchester, B. P., and Miss Fermor Lorillard, of C——, Massachusetts, on the 15th of October, 18—, at C——, Massachusetts. By Rev. B. W. Wrayburn. Witnesses: John Morton, Louise Clitheroe, Mrs Hannah Trask.

He gave it back to her, saying:

"What you have said appears in every way reasonable. I do not dispute it. We will wait Morton's arrival. He was to have been back to-day." Then seeing the distressed look upon her face, he continued:

"You will pardon me my seeming incredulity. I could not but ask for proofs concerning the most important incident in my life."

"Believe me," she said earnestly, "I would not have it otherwise. I would not wish you to take my mere word for what I tell you."

As she uttered that phrase, he thought how different it would be did he love her, with what intensity of happiness he should have read that certificate which now seemed a paper of doom to him. He thought with desperation that he never would acknowledge this woman as his wife—never, though all the world united to declare the fact to him.

She had seated herself again in the chair; but now she shaded her eyes with her hand. The wine she had drunk hardly increased the excitement she felt. Every drop of blood in her seemed bounding with such fiery throbs as almost suffocated her; her lips and cheeks burned hotly, her eyes glowed, but outwardly she was calm. It was he who stood with glittering eyes, the effort at calmness plainly visible. This hour of all the hours in his life was hardest to bear. He was vainly struggling for some honorable retreat, some ray of light to illumine this blackness; but he saw no retreat, no light, nothing but to endure, to shut forever from his thoughts every remembrance of the girl he had just met, for thoughts of her only made more unendurable his future. He did not think how hard, how icy he must appear to this woman, who in her own words told him that she loved him; he only thought of her unwelcome claim upon him; he only rebelled fiercely against the fate he had yoked to himself when he had promised his uncle; but he never would have known the intensest bitterness of that fate had he not loved.

"You delayed telling me this," he said at last, as if asking a question—almost as if reproving her.

"I told you that I could not bear to thrust a wife upon you, until I had tried if you might not become in the least interested in her; and as I have failed in that, I might never have spoken to you, did not circumstances make me deem it necessary."

There was some appearance of embarrassment as she said the last words, and Branwell said hastily;

"You mean to intimate to me that I have given you reason to fear I might forget the bonds that hold me—that I might become dishonorable?"

"Never the last!" she cried impulsively; "I only knew that your marriage had been such a myth to you that an impression might be received too easily—cherished even without your knowledge. I confess it was that fear—a fear that your happiness might be compromised—that assisted me to make this avowal to you. You can readily believe that I knew how unwelcome it would be." She said the last with a deprecatory motion that still had something of stateliness in it. She had risen and stood before him.

"At least," he replied, "it was not unexpected."

She moved toward the door; with her hand on the latch she paused and said, with slow distinctness:

"Having now done what I felt due to you and myself, I have nothing more to say on the subject. You will institute any investigation for which you feel inclined. I have one thing to beg, however, that you will not imagine I have told you this to exact anything from you. It seemed right that you should know."

"Stay one moment," he cried, "for me to say that any one who bears my name will not lack any attention I can consistently give. I have much to say to you at some future time."

She bowed and left the room. She had been right in judging that pecuniarily at least the wife of Branwell would not want, and that the safest as well as the easiest way had been to leave such arrangements to his own sense of appropriateness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HOUSTON FARM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LUKE LINTON.

In the central and mountainous part of Pennsylvania, there is a young and growing city located on an arm of one of the principal rivers of that state, and surrounded by scenery that for wild sublimity, is, perhaps, unrivalled on the American continent. Thirty years ago the place was a mere village, and the plough turned much of the soil which is now occupied with streets, dwellings, business house, and manufacturing establishments. So wonderful a change has been wrought in so comparatively a short time.

Adjacent to the then village was a large tract of land, known at that time as "The Houston Farm." This farm contained many acres, which were parceled out to a tenantry, who, generally speaking, were not skilled in agriculture, and whose thriftless management did not leave to the proprietor a large surplus by way of rentals. "The Old Judge"—the name by which Mr. Houston was popularly known—was not a hard task-master, but generally bore with the short-comings of his employees, till forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and then exchanged them for others who frequently were more worthless than those displaced; and in this way matters wore on from year to year, without much prospect for an improved condition of affairs. The questionable fame of these tenants became widely spread, and the tillers of the soil on the great farm were known in all that region of country as "Houston's Jay Birds."

A house, which for nearly a year had been vacant, and which stood on a corner of the farm, at last found an occupant; and the way things in general began to be *stirred* in that locality, gave evidence that the newcomer and his family had more vitality in them than the more ordinary "jays" had, which hatched out a livelihood in that rookery of "unclean birds." The plough was started anew in the field, fences were repaired, rubbish was removed, and almost everything on that end of the farm was submitted to a renovating process. The Joneses, who managed a farm of their own near by, and who took a just pride in its thrifty appearance, cast many curious glances towards their new neighbors, to discover, if possible, the kind of beings they were. All intercourse with the family was made to depend on the characteristics that would be developed; and these developments coming soon, and being of the right kind, the Joneses made advances, and the two families were soon on a footing of friendly intimacy.

Obadiah Walters, was the name of the newly arrived farmer in question, but the simple obtusity of some of the Houston tenants, persisted in calling him Walter Obadiah, from an extremely foolish notion of theirs, to the end, that the longer of the two names should come last! This liberty with his name was exceedingly annoying to Farmer Walters, and in his business relations with his neighbors, it became a very uncertain transformation. But time cured this evil, as it does a great many others, and Obadiah at last had the satisfaction of being known by the name his fond parents had given him in his infancy. A rose may smell as sweet by another name; but Obadiah was not a rose; and his temper was not sweetened by the aforesaid liberty taken by his simple neighbors. Aside from the annoyances just named, Obadiah, in many respects, was a happy man. He was the father of three sons, strong and sturdy fellows for their age, who assisted him greatly in all kinds of farm labor, and who were the pride of their fond mother's heart. If they worked well in the busy seasons, they did not idle away the hours allotted them for recreation. In all kinds of amusements, adventure and mischief, incident to that section of the country, they seemed never to grow weary. They were original in their conceptions of fun, and greatly addicted to practical joking, without caring much who were the subjects of their jokes, they soon gained a notoriety which was wider spread than it was to be envied.

Of the trio Joe was the oldest. He had reached that mature age when the first scintillations of *down*, dignified by the name of "beard," appeared on his face. He had acquired the manly art of smoking and chewing tobacco, and he sported a huge "bosom pin," which moved the astonishment, admiration and envy of the entire community. He had an investigative turn of mind. This trait showed itself in his early youth, and grew as he grew. His penchant was to look into things, to search for the relation between cause and effect. Years before he is introduced to the reader he was left alone in the house for a few hours, and the solemn ticking of the clock attracting his attention, it took him but a short time to dissect the old time-keeper. He was simply trying to find where the tick came from. Although he did not discover the object of his search, he did not soon forget the lesson the enraged Obadiah Walters imparted to him on the occasion. He found out that philosophy and pain were pretty closely allied.

Tom was the second son. He was in his eighteenth year at the time of which we speak. He was a fat, chubby fellow, rather lymphatic in his temperament, and continually blundering into some difficulty. His blink eye was caused in the following manner: He laid a train of paper close to the sleeping cat, and igniting one end of it, he poured on the little flame powder from his father's powder horn. The cat was frightened, as a matter of course; and also, as a matter of course, the horn exploded, leaving Tom's eye in the condition referred to. He was slightly lame in one leg, which was caused by a fall from the back of an ox. He essayed to ride the animal from the plough to the stable. He was eminently successful that far; the door of the stable was reached in safety; but the passage-way was a mite too small to admit both the boy and the ox at the same time, and a crushed limb and subsequent lameness were the result. The youngest brother, Sam, had his peculiarities, but at his early age they were not sufficiently developed to speak of them with accuracy, hence a further description of them is not given here.

A large enclosure on the Houston farm was known as the "Cow Field." The tenants, as well as some of the villagers, pastured their cows in that field; and it was no small matter to separate the herd of cattle at "milking time" and drive them to their respective stations for the night. It required a large force of boys to accomplish this feat, and prominent among them were the Walters and the Joneses. A long, green lane led to the cow field, and about half way down the lane was a place known as the "White Rock." A smooth, large, limestone rock lifted its surface a few inches above the ground, and as it was overshadowed by a great tree, it became a place of general *rendezvous* for the cow boys. Here the parties met before the going down of the sun, and before they entered the field to separate the herd. Several young men and boys were seated on the rock awaiting their companions. Tom and Sam Walters were leisurely approaching, and when they were close enough to hear, Pat Mullen, who was on the rock, addressed them—

"Arrah, boys! we have a puzzle for the likes O ye now!"

"Weel, what is it?" languidly asked Tom.

"A string of beautiful pearls," said one.

"A specimen of bologua sausage," said another.

"The purtiest string of beads ye iver did see wid your own eyes!" put in Pat. "They would do to say prayers to the Holy Virgin wid."

Tom approached and made a hasty examination of the subject. He saw, lying on the rock, a string of small white balls, some ten in number, and connected together by a kind of slimy mucous substance, which glistened in the rays of the evening sun. Turning them over carefully two or three times, Tom suddenly came to a conclusion, which he communicated to his companions as follows—

"Boys, them's eggs!"

"Ooh! bodder wid ye," said the Irishman, "ye would be afther callin' enny thing eggs, you old blunderbuss you."

"These are eggs, and no mistake," said Tom, "I know they are eggs. Come, Sam, what do you think they are?"

Thus appealed to, Sam held up his young head in an important kind of a way, and proceeded to give his views on the subject—

"I am not so sure, after all, that these are eggs. They are not hen's eggs, certain; and they don't look much like them that Wash Jones and me got out of the crow's nest, over in the pines, yesterday—do they, Wash?"

"Not by a thunderin' sight," was the reply.

"Arrah, ye spalpeens ye," said Pat, "them's not eggs—them's vegetables. Jest sich grow in the bogs of ould Ireland. And more an' that, some o' them are now growin' up there in O'Keefe's garden. So out wid ye, for they are not eggs."

"Are they pisen?" put in Sam.

"Pisen! pshaw!" contemptuously replied Tom; "if they are pisen, then I am a dead brick—for I'm goin' to suck 'em all;" and, suiting the action to the words, he detached one of the balls, and opening his capacious jaws, he swallowed it without ever blinking. Smacking his lips, he very coolly observed that "he *knew* them was eggs—he knew them by the *taste!*"

At this moment, Joe Walters and a young scion of the Jones family, were seen approaching, and Mullen suggested that the question in dispute be submitted to them—especially to Joe whose philosophical turn of mind, admirably fitted him for the position of Umpire.

"Don't you call them things eggs?" queried Tom, as he slowly raised his eyes to the gravely scientific countenance of his brother Joe.

Joe did not utter a word; but taking a small stick, he turned the string of balls over carefully, and looked at them in a very profound manner. Turning them over again, he continued the examination for a few moments, then looked up with an air which seemed to say that he had solved the problem, and that he was ready to give his decision.

"They are *vegetable*, arn't they?" said Pat.

"Nobody but a bog-trotter would call them vegetable. *I know they are eggs*," defiantly exclaimed the now aroused Tom.

"To the divil wid ye, and all the likes o' yees," was ground out through Pat's clenched teeth.

"Silence!" thundered Joe. "The first thing I observe," said that worthy, "is the fact, that if these are eggs, they are entirely without *shells*, and you know that eggs don't generally come in that way."

"Just what I've been a thinking—by St. Patrick, they are vegetables," shouted the Irishman, with an air of triumph.

It was now Tom's turn to speak. He was evidently excited, but retained his self-possession.

"I don't care," said he, "if them eggs don't hev any shells on! They are all the fresher for that, and the more easily swallowed. And I like fresh eggs, and always did."

"Another thing I notice," continued Joe, "is the slimy substance which connects the balls together. I know of no bird that lays eggs like chain-shot."

"An' niver was there sich a bird, either in ould Ireland or in Ameriky," again exclaimed Pat Mullen.

"Well, tell us what them eggs are," impatiently demanded Tom.

"I will. Silence boys, and hear the decision;" and Joe waved his hand over the crowd to enforce quiet.

"Boys, they are *oviparous*."

"Owiparous! That's the same as *vegetable*, an't it, Joe?" chimed in Pat.

"Owiparous, the same *as eggs*," chuckled Tom, whose spirits rose amazingly at the very idea.

"Yes, they are eggs," said Joe, in explanation.

"Bully for you!" roared Tom; and the entire crowd applauded the decision in a very animated way.

The Irishman hung his head in silence, as the odds were against him.

Joe continued:

"I said these are eggs, and I will stick to it; but then I have not told you what kind of eggs they are! I mean to pursue this investigation a little further. I am now going to break open one of these eggs, and I want you to gather about the rock, and closely watch the result!" and with the little stick he held in his hand, he broke the covering of one of the balls. Immediately there wriggled out from the slimy mass a *little snake*, some two or three inches in length, and began to crawl over the flat surface of the rock! Tom stood aghast, with the hair visibly rising on his head, and with a sickening, squeamish sensation in his stomach.

"They are *snake eggs*, Tom, and you have swallowed a live serpent," very deliberately remarked the umpire, Joe.

"Howly Moses! it will be the death of him," screamed the Irishman, as he started down the lane on a fast run.

"Oh, my! Snake! Pisen! Boys help me. Pull it out," cried the now thoroughly frightened Tom, his body trembling in every joint, and his face of an ashen hue.

"Open your mouth wider, Tom, and it will crawl out," suggested one of the boys.

"Oh, Lord! I can't. It won't crawl out; I feel it down there yet. Good heavens! I am dying! Boys pray for me, for I am a dead brick," and the poor fellow in his agony rolled on the ground, gasping for breath, and struggling to eject the little serpent. He rolled his eyes in their sockets, sneezed, *retched*, and up came the slimy egg, and out of it popped a little snake very much like the one Joe had exhibited on the rock. Tom sprang to his feet with a bound, uttering a shout of delight. The boys gathered about him with their congratulations, and general rejoicing followed.

"Curse the eggs and snakes! Curse the vegetables, and the *owiparies!* I'm not pisened! hurra, boys! I'm all right again," were expressions which fairly rained from the lips of the now happy Tom.

"Boys, for heaven's sake don't tell on me," he begged, when he thought of the ridiculousness of the transaction. "Don't, I beg of you tell of this affair; for if you do it will ruin me forever."

Pat Mullen, who had run a considerable distance down the lane on seeing the turn things had taken, returned to the rock with the information that Sallie Jones and Kate Murphy were hastening to the spot. Now Tom was *tender* towards Sallie, and should she learn of his "disaster" his prospects would in all probability be seriously damaged if not hopelessly ruined. Hence he was extremely anxious to avoid a meeting, just at that time, with that young lady.

"What shall I do, boys? What shall I do?"

"Shure an' the snake's in him yet," suggested Pat. "An' faith an' I tould Sallie it was well nigh a hopeless case."

"Did you tell her about this, Pat?" asked Tom, in blank amazement.

"Yis, an' shure I did, an' she said it was another blundering powder-horn scrape, she did, so she did!"

Tom groaned in the agony of despair.

"Boys, you must fetch the cows to-night without my assistance," and poor Tom took up his line of march, sadly and solemnly towards his home.

The cows were taken home late that evening; and by the next morning the story of poor Tom's mishap was known far and wide. In time he came to be called "*Snaky Tom*," and had that name applied to him as long as he remained in that section of country. His tenderness for the fair Sally Jones was treasured up in his own heart, he not having the courage to impart it to her; and when, in the course of years, Obadiah Walters moved West Tom went with him; and it is to be hoped he found some quiet spot where snake eggs are not known, and that he is spending his days in peace.

In the course of events the proprietor of the "Houston Farm" died, and the "Jay Birds" found other hatching places. Although an enterprising city has grown over a portion of that farm, the *White Rock* is still to be seen, and the history of the scene described still lives in the memories of some of the elder people of that romantic region.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

MY HERO. By Mrs. FORRESTER. Author of "Fair Women." A novel from the facile pen of Mrs. Forrester, a new English writer. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE COUNTESS OF CHARNY. Being the 4th series of the "Memoirs of a Physician." By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

LITTLE THINGS. We noticed lying upon our table this week a neatly-printed little paper with the above title, and looking over it we concluded that if a few words of commendation from our old pen would give any pleasure to its fair editors and publishers, we should be a brute not to give them. This "Little Things" is an amateur paper edited, printed, and published once a month by a family of girls; terms 75 cents a year in advance. It contains quite a number of original articles both prose and poetry, and is illustrated with several pretty engravings. There is also a page devoted to riddles, etc.; and to give the paper a business-like appearance, we suppose, the company have a few advertisements inserted. Now if any of our readers, after this little puff, feel like patronizing native feminine talent, they may address The Misses Lukens, Brinton P. O., Allegheny Co., Penna. Who says girls can't do anything after this?

FINE ARTS. A Journal of the Polite World. LAURA KEENE and EMMA WEBB NIVERT editors. There are some good things in the number of this magazine for July, now before us. We take pleasure in informing all artists that brief notices of works near completion will be received by the "Fine Arts" (34 Bond St., New York,) as news items for the information of art patrons.

CONCORDIA. A collection of the choicest four-part Songs for Male Voices with English and German words. Selected and revised by LEOPOLD ENGELKE, Musical Director and Honorary Member of several singing societies. Vol. I. Published by Schaefer & Koradi, southwest corner of Fourth and Wood Sts., Philada. This little publication appears to be just the thing for singing societies.

☞ A colored preacher in Sparta, Ga., some time ago was heard to say in a funeral sermon of a deceased brother:—"He ruminates no longer among us; he have exonerated from the syllogisms of this world's discrimination, and when he gits to de cold dry stream of de River Jordin the Kerosines and Periphenes will meet him dare to row him over on dry land to the sylverstering city."

The Human Roof and its Thatching.—If the man deserves well of his country who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, surely he who produces a glorious crop of hair on a comparatively barren scalp deserves the hearty thanks of the obliged party. All honor, therefore, to PROFESSOR E. T. LYON, for, unquestionably, his renowned KATHAIRON accomplishes this object. Gentlemen whose whiskers are shy of making their appearance in force, or the fibres of whose moustaches disclose those "magnificent distances" for which Washington City was once so famous, will find this HAIR PRESERVER the most wonderful encourager of fibrous development that has ever yet been invented. Both sexes are advised to use it, as, by all odds, it is the best article for improving the growth and beauty of the hair, keeping it free from scurf and dandruff preventing it from becoming harsh, dry and gray—giving it a rich gloss and endowing it with flexibility—that Toilet Chemistry has ever evolved from the vegetable kingdom.

☞ A Western man at a "praise meeting" said somewhat enviously: "Brother Lawson can sing better than I can, but by the grace of heaven I can fiddle his shirt off."

"G. M. D."

Don't stand aghast with awe and fear, eyes wide open, hair on end, and fingers tightly clenched with the idea that these mysterious symbols are cabalistic signs and represent some secret organization of masked demons, who carry terror and dismay with their midnight prowlings and disperse on the dawn of morning. No! They are only the initials of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, that pleasant medicine which has acquired a national reputation and proven so efficacious in Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption and kindred diseases. For these complaints it has no equal. Sold by all druggists.

579.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our *club* terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluid, and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Chronic Dyspepsia, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Ache, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the womb, and all Weakening and Painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the waste and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification; and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known and remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all other cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1.

RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York
my11-tf.

Midsummer Maladies.

The hot solar rays that ripen the harvests generate many distressing diseases. If the liver be at all predisposed to irregularities, this is the season in which bilious attacks may be anticipated. A weak stomach too, is weakest in the summer months, and the loss of vitality through the pores by excessive perspiration is so great, that a wholesome tonic, combining also the properties of a diffusive stimulant and gentle exhilarant, is in many cases necessary to health, and under no circumstances should be dispensed with by the sickly and debilitated. Of all the preparations intended thus to refresh, sustain, and fortify the human frame, there is none that will compare with Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters. They have been weighed in the balance of experience and not found wanting; have been recommended from the first as a great medicinal specific, not as a beverage, and in spite of interested opposition from innumerable quarters, stand, after a twenty years trial, at the head of all proprietary medicines intended for the prevention and cure of all ordinary complaints of the stomach, the liver, the bowels, and the nerves. In the unhealthy districts bordering the great rivers of California, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters may be classed as the standard one for every species of intermittent or remittent fever. The people who inhabit those districts, place the most implicit confidence in the preparation—a confidence that is increased every year by the results of its operation.

As Bitters, so called, of the most pernicious character, are springing up like fungi on every side, the public is hereby forewarned against the dram-shop frauds. Ask for Hostetter's Bitters, see that the label, etc., are correct, and remember that the genuine article is never sold in bulk, but in bottles only. jy6-1m

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50
One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.00) for $4.00.

Our *club* terms are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

4 copies, - - - - - $5.00
8 " (and one to getter-up of club,) - 12.00
14 " do. do. do. do. - 20.00
20 " do. do. do. do. - 28.00
50 " do. do. do. do. - 65.00

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, *or* in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

NOTICE.

Next week we shall begin a new serial, entitled

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;
OR,
THE SECRET FEUD.
BY RETT WINWOOD.

This novelette, with its strange plot and varied incidents, is the work of a contributor new to our columns. Not one of our readers should fail to peruse it.

CROQUET BALLS.—The patent vulcanized croquet balls, manufactured by J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, are decidedly the best balls for croquet we have ever seen. They are exactly round, and seem not to dent in the least. They are for sale, as well as sets of the mallets, &c., by Leon Hirsh, 812 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. *See Tilton & Co.'s advertisement.*

THE DEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Blow and beat, O winds! O winds!
Blow and beat in the midnight dreary.
Fall, O sleet, on plain and prairie.
Out in the shadow, passers weary,
Come and go, and go and come,
Hastening each unto his home,
Unless, perchance, no hearth is bright,
No fire doth welcome him to-night.

List how the steps keep coming, going,
Going, coming, ne'er delaying,
E'en as life doth come and vanish,
Drearily, nor knoweth staying:
Look how the young do spring around;
Look how the old their rest have found.
And the grave, no new but yesterday,
Forgotten is as the hours decay.

Blow and beat, O winds! O winds!
Moan in the heart o' the midnight dreary.
Over the mere the sleet is falling,
Over the plains and over the prairies,
Over the rivers sweeping away,
Graves where the vines and the flowers decay,
Where sleepeth each on his silent bed,
Nor waketh, though sadly I mourn my dead.

Who comes hence in the midnight sombre?
"We come hence in the midnight sombre,
We of the faces so stilly, so stilly,
That smile not and change not in slumber.
There is no waking, but there is returning:
God hath an answer for hearts that are yearning."
Heavy and cold in the night sounds the tread
Of the feet of the dead—O! the dead!

Who comes hence in the gloom o' the midnight?
"We come hence in the gloom o' the midnight,
To hearts that are warm, to eyes that are bright,
With pulseless hearts and a gaze of starlight.
There is no waking, but there is returning;
Heaven hath a balm for the heart that is yearning.
Wherefore weep'st thou with down-bended head?"
For ye—O my loved! O my lost! my dead!

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE FINEST FOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD.

At least, that is what the Cincinnati people say of it; and if you were to see it, perhaps you would think they were not so very far wrong in their judgment of their magnificent work of art.

From a time when the memory of man to the contrary runneth not, until within the last year and a half, in the very heart of the busiest, finest portion of Cincinnati, there existed a dilapidated, greasy, foul-smelling, tumble-down nest of old rat-holes, of the name of Fifth Street Market. It was like a streak of pot-black across a beauty's cheek. It was also just like the Cincinnati people, and just what one might expect of them. You enter their city by the Hamilton and Dayton Railway, and hold your disgusted nose for about three miles, while the iron-horse drags you at his heels though a muck of vile distillery hog-pens, where thousands on thousands of Cincinnati sugar-cureds are fed, fattened and finished yearly. The sight of the distilleries with their attending host of hog-pens is nasty, very nasty, indeed. The disgusted stranger thinks he will go out of the city another way. He tries the Little Miami route, the famous "old reliable," with years enough on its back to entitle it to a respect which its depot and surroundings can't excite, by any manner of means. The sights and smells on the principal thoroughfare leading to the Little Miami depot are simply horrible, worse, if anything, than the sinks of pollution on the Hamilton and Dayton Road. It gives a body somehow an impression as if he were standing in the midst of the garbage-pile of the whole earth. Or if the unsophisticated traveller should choose to take a farewell of Cincinnati by way of the Indianapolis Road, he will undoubtedly get a view of the "Queen City" which will last him as long as he lives. The Cincinnati end of the Indianapolis Road leaves the city by the sunken bed of an old canal, dug through the back-yards of a long string of ancient wooden tenement-houses. Imagine that to yourself, and you will know what it looks like. A mile or two out you come to more sweet-scented distilleries and hog-pens, and finally, to cap the climax of sight and smell, your train snorts by to the leeward of a mammoth "Fertilizing Establishment"—if you know what that means; if you don't, thank God, and pass on, and don't ever try to find out, because it isn't anything you want to know.

Ever since a body can remember, three great roads have entered Cincinnati through these villainous, vile-smelling, old ram-shackle suburbs, and Cincinnati folks think it's all right—the finest business management in the world. The rich old fogies who have already made their fortunes off the great hog-pens, build their palatial residences out upon the beautiful hills, and don't care a copper whether Cincinnati goes to pot or not.

So you won't be surprised to know that they left the disgraceful old rat row of a Fifth Street Market place, with its drunken men and piles of onions and sickening sausages, to clog for years and years one of the busiest thoroughfares in the city. Nothing is surprising which Cincinnati enterprise leaves undone. Finally Tyler Davidson, a wealthy gentleman of the city, began to wonder whether the crying nuisance of Fifth street market couldn't be abated, and something which would be a thing of beauty and a joy forever put in its place. Gradually Tyler Davidson's idea took the shape of a magnificent fountain of bronze and porphyry, to be the ornament of Cincinnati, and the admiration of generations present and to come. In time he came to have this idea very much at heart. But Tyler Davidson never lived to carry out his beautiful and benevolent design. He died, and his large possessions passed into the hands of his brother-in-law, Henry Probasco, a gentleman of great wealth and fine artistic tastes. Instead of gobbling Tyler Davidson's fortune himself, as he might have done, there being not a shadow of a will, or anything else to indicate the wishes of the departed in regard to the fountain, this model of a brother-in-law, Henry Probasco, straightway set about carrying the wishes of his dead friend into immediate and lovely reality. He went to Europe to obtain a design which should be beautiful enough to be wrought out in the grand fountain. He found this model in Munich. It is an innovation, in many ways, on an old classic, heathen way of making fountains and things. There isn't in it one of those hideous sea dragons' figures half man, half alligator, and wholly abominably ugly and distressing to look at. There isn't a single one of those old chaps with tridents. There isn't even a mermaid with a fish's tail, thank heaven! The design is wholly modern and beautiful. It is the embodiment of the idea of a Nuremburg sculptor, August von Kreling. His idea was to throw away the sea-gods and monsters, and all that rubbish, and design a colossal fountain, the figures and form of which should be typical of the "uses, blessings and delights of water." How nobly that fine and poetical, as well as original idea was carried out, all the world knows who knows about the Davidson fountain. But for twenty years those old fellows over in Europe turned up their noses both at August von Kreling's idea and his drawing of it. They would none of him. It was left for Henry Probasco, a live American, to appreciate the beautiful design, and bring it to this country.

The bronze fountain was built in Munich, and shipped in separate pieces to New York, thence to Cincinnati. It took sixty men three years to cast the work in the bronze foundry at Munich.

The fountain stands in the centre of a fine stone esplanade, reaching the whole length of the square from Vine to Walnut street. The city of Cincinnati built this esplanade, as a fitting pavement whereon their fountain should stand. Nothing short of an actual sight of it with one's two living eyes, can give a proper idea of this magnificent fountain. I shouldn't think of trying to give you anything like an adequate picture of it in words—I couldn't do it much better than I could give you an idea of heaven. I have seen some photographs of it, but they are mere little dull, dead, black streaks across a strip of white paper, and no more represent the fountain than a poker.

The builders of the fountain were Ferdinand and Friedrich von Mueller, of the Royal Foundry at Munich. The whole structure is over thirty-three feet high. At the top of all, is a beautiful female figure, nine feet high, the genius of water, with outstretched arms and hands. The hands are extended, palm downward, and are bored full of little holes, from which the water descends, in fine curved lines of spray, to the basin beneath. I said descends, I meant used to descend. An unfortunate occurrence has happened to the lovely hands of the worshipful goddess, which has stopped her fine career for a little while. You must know that, although we Buckeyes tell folks that the Ohio River is the most beautiful river in the world, in point of fact, it isn't any such thing. "Not by no means." As a matter of fact, during several months of each year, the waters of La Belle Riviere are as thick and muddy as yellow clay can make 'em. This mud, being no respecter even of the finest fountain in the world, at length so clogged up the little holes in the symmetrical palms of the goddess that, do her level best, she wasn't able to spurt water through 'em any more. Not a spurt. A prosaic plumber, unhappily not educated in the ways of high art, took the lovely hands off to clean the mud out of the little holes, so that her majesty would again be able to spurt curvelinear spray to the admiring gaze of passing multitudes. And bless your soul! what does the donkey of a plumber do but up and bore these holes all out bigger, so that the water no longer descended in lovely curvelinear spray, but just fell down in chunks, like water from the nose of any old brass hydrant, and spatters folks all over, to their infinite disgust and annoyance. That plumber ought to have some little holes bored in his skull, to let the mud out. Mr. Probasco telegraphed at once to Europe, for another pair of hands exactly like the first ones, but meantime the genius of water remains in a mournful state of dryness, sorrowful to contemplate these hot days.

Next beneath the good-sized woman who is the goddess of water, are four standing figures, one on each face of the fountain. The figure on the western side is a most beautiful woman (the exact likeness, they say, of the daughter of August von Kreling,) drawing a pitcher of water, and leaning over an aged man who is in the act of drinking. On the north side is a colossal figure of a man standing on a blazing roof, with an empty water pail. On the southern face is a farmer, and a farm scene in dry weather. On the east is a dear little naked boy, stepping into the water to take a bath, and clinging, half afraid, to his beautiful mother, whose lovely arms and neck are also bare. The little fellow is as naked all over as the top of a bald man's head. Some folks say he ought to be sent back to Europe to get him some clothes on. I suppose it's a matter of taste.

Beneath these four large figures are four basins, which discharge their waters through thirty-six jets into one large basin below and all around the fountain. Beneath the four basins, and over every part of the work, are beautiful carvings and mouldings, in bas-relief and high relief, representing "the uses, blessings, and delights of water," in every conceivable lovely and symmetrical form. There are a water-mill, a locomotive and cars, some fishermen drawing a net, a steamboat, a boy buckling on his skates, a little girl looking at herself in the water, and I haven't space to begin to tell you about them all. Isn't this finer and more expressive to the modern eye than a pack of old sea-monsters and fishy mermaids would have been?

But it is a thousand pities that the Cincinnati coal-smoke is touching the fountain, as everything else within its reach, with its familiar black hands. Already great streaks of Cincinnati black are chasing one another down the lovely cheeks of these bronze ladies, and the fountain has only been unveiled about nine months. Unless they can hit upon some careful and thorough way of cleaning it, doubtless in another year this noble work of modern art, like everything else in this blessed town, will take on the hue of an old chimney pot. ZIG.

HIS LAST STAMP.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Leonidas Lunch recently stepped into a dining-saloon, not more than a hundred rods from Franklin statue, and with a composed but hungry countenance called for a plate of hash in a very genteel voice. It happened, fortunately for him, that the desired compound was not quite ready—and one of the waiters told him so, at the same time handing him a paper, and politely asked him to take a seat. Leonidas did so, with a grateful bow, nonchalantly remarking that he was in no hurry; and he was not, as will be presently proven. He observed, as he was complacently reading the last news of the Alabama claims, that the waiter was blacking his boots; which done, Leonidas arose and asked for the brush, "just to rub a bit of mud from my boots."

Taking the brush in one hand, and the blacking in the other, in a few moments he had given his foot casings a brilliant polish; then followed up his luck by a liberal and adroit use of the broom-brush over his clothes. He took up a hat-brush and renovated the nap of his sad silk hat.

"Those hash are not quite ready yet, are they?" he coolly inquired; and, being answered in the negative, he said it was no matter, "as he was not wanted at the City Hall just yet," and turning around, calmly surveyed the arrangements of the place, and condescended the remark that "it was not quite equal to the Metropolitan or Delmonico's, still neat—very neat, indeed."

Upon careful examination of his hands he observed that the blacking had soiled them; he proceeded to the wash-basin, he turned on the Croton, and, with free use of scented soap, he scoured his hands most thoroughly. Then he whisked out a once white handkerchief, quickly washed and wrung it, and returned it to his hat to dry. The waiter, being busy with other customers, took but little notice of his manœuvres, and, taking advantage of this auspicious fact, Leonidas removed the dirty paper collar and substituted a clean one; immediately subsequent he had hold of a castor bottle containing sweet oil, and pouring out about an ounce, treated his distracted head to a bath of it. And now, before a mirror, he made a rapid and tasteful use of the comb and brush. Observing his movement, one of the waiters approached him with—

"Have you given your orders, sir?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. It's coming on soon."

"What dish was it, sir?"

"Hash. A plate of nice hash, to begin."

Leonidas now approached the counter, where, seeing a case of fancy articles, among them two tooth-brushes, he called for one, as if intending to purchase, and after a long scrutiny he selected one, at the same time helping himself to a pinch of snuff, just as the proprietor was closing his snuff-box. He now lightly stepped to the wash-basin and gave his teeth such a cleaning as few teeth can withstand, and finished just as the anxious waiter hurried breathlessly toward him, exclaiming—

"Here is your hash, sir. Hash, sir, hash!"

Leonidas laid down his tooth-brush and strode with dignity to the table, where he seated himself with a satisfied "Ha!" as if one of John Ludin's banquets had been spread before him.

After one mouthful, "Here, waiter," exclaims he, "fill this water-pitcher, and give me the walnut ketchup!" This mandate being fulfilled, he proceeded to lay waste the hash. After finishing that, with which he devoured half-a-dozen slices of bread and about a quarter of a pound of butter, he tumbled the remaining slices into a tumbler of milk, the pitcher happening to hold about two quarts. Seeing nothing else to eat on the table except a plate of pickles, he swallowed them all regardless of curds, probably considering that he had stomach enough for anything.

By this time Leonidas Lunch appeared to have got quite comfortable, for, tilting his chair back against the wall, crossing his legs and folding his hands, he fell into a snooze, having achieved one of the cheapest dinners on record. In a little while he began to snore harmoniously, resounding blasts of victory.

"I say, Jack," said one waiter to another, "who is that snoozer out there agin the wall?"

"I don't know. Thought you did, he makes himself so much at home. He called for a plate of hash about two hours ago. Said something about not being in a hurry to go to City Hall—clerk, perhaps."

"I noticed he swallowed all the bread and milk and pickles, and thinned that butter down."

"What makes him snore so?"

"I s'pose it's the pickles quarrelling with the milk."

At this moment Leonidas sneezed with such violence that his chair tilted forward, and he awoke amidst a peal of laughter from the waiters—the customers having long before gone about their business.

"Had a good sleep, sir?" gravely inquired a waiter, as Leonidas strode up to the counter to settle for his hash.

"Sleep? Me? Yes, I believe I did doze a little. Ten cents, I believe?"

"For the hash," said the clerk, laying particular emphasis on the word.

"Y-e-s," said Leonidas, airily, stroking his English whiskers. "One plate only, I believe, of the hash?"

"Ten cents a plate for hash only," replied the clerk, winking slyly to the waiters, who were making all sorts of grim faces.

Leonidas put his hand in his pocket, and after fumbling awhile, he drew out from a corner a dilapidated ten-cent stamp, so wretchedly withered and defaced—such a mutilated evidence of the evils of civil war—that the clerk started aghast at the sight.

"That ain't worth more than five cents," said he, feebly. "It looks sick—had the small-pox, or must have been badly vaccinated."

"Oh, never mind," said Leonidas, with lofty carelessness, and yawning. "I shall come in and take dinner here every day. I'll pay you the other five cents next time. I like your hash—and when I like a place I stick to it."

His threats of coming every day increased the clerk's alarm, and he thought it best to be rid of such a customer as soon as possible.

"Very well," said he, forcing a smile. "It's a small affair, any way."

"*Of* course," replied Leonidas, with a happy coincidence of opinion. "Have you got such a useful trifle as a penknife about you?"

The clerk looked rather savage at this, and felt as if a carving-knife would have been more serviceable just then. He thought of Felix Larkin and John Glass, but with heroic self-command he smoothed down the bristles of his indignation and presented his penknife. Leonidas took it, and commenced paring and cleaning his nails, apparently unconscious of being the "cynosure of neighboring eyes."

"Jack," shouted the clerk, fiercely, "put another cord of pickles and another mountain of bread on the table out there, and see that we take an extra gallon of milk after this."

"Yes," shouted Jack, "sure not to forget it."

"Thank you, sir," said Leonidas, returning the penknife. "Oh, by the way, I suppose you don't care about that evening paper out there. There's an article in it I am anxious to preserve—a money article."

"Jack," cried the clerk, biting his lip in despair, "hand this gentleman the evening paper."

"Yes, sir," exclaimed Jack, rushing and presenting the paper to Leonidas with as much alacrity as if waiting upon the Grand Duke.

"Jack," said Leonidas, familiarly, "now I'll trouble you for a bit of your tobacco."

And Leonidas helped himself liberally.

"I shall be round again to-morrow," said Leonidas, "but I must go now and attend to my city accounts."

And waving his hand gracefully to the clerk, he left the establishment.

"Round again! Heaven prevent him!" said the clerk, as he disappeared.

"He didn't pay for the tooth-brush," said Jack, "and washed—ah! here he comes again."

"I say, my friend, it is just beginning to rain," said Leonidas, popping his head in at the door. "Can't you lend me an umbrella? In again, you know, to-morrow!"

"Umbrella? No, sir, haven't got any. I say, you didn't pay for the tooth-brush."

"The tooth-brush. Tooth-bru—oh, no, so I didn't, did I? Well, the fact was, you see, I tried it, but the bristles were altogether too soft. I like your hash, however—I could live on that hash! Good-by! In again to-morrow."

And again waving his hand gracefully and shaking out his clean, wet handkerchief, Leonidas Lunch departed in the direction of Printing House Square.

MISS SMITH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ANNE L. FORCELLE.

This was Pitt's letter:

"You blessed Mother, and Topsey, and Bet, and Melle, and all the rest. I am coming home on a three weeks' visit. Hurrah! Tell the girls to pray for peace of mind, for I am more fascinating than ever, and tell all the fellows to look out for themselves, for I am going to bring a friend of mine down with me. She's a regular *stunner*, and just the nicest girl in the world, except Melle and the rest of you. Her name is Smith, and she is no end stylish. Love to all.—Pitt."

Aunt Mab read this to us as we were assembled around the breakfast table, and the commotion which it caused would have driven a nervous person frantic; but luckily in our happy household nerves were not thought of. You see we were all down at Nuthall spending the summer. Aunt Mab having a great house, and a heart brim full of love, had sent for us cousins to come to her for the summer. And so there we were—four of us besides Aunt Mab's own family, Amy and Alice Fairfax, Julia Berry, and myself—Myra Dayton. Such a merry house full as we were, with Aunt Mab at the head!—and now, to crown the whole, Pitt—"the dearest and best cousin in the world," was coming down from college—it was certainly, as the girls declared, "perfectly splendid." And although we hardly liked the idea of his bringing a stranger into our midst, still "Pitt liked her," that was a strong recommendation, and we spent the most of our time in wondering what kind of a person she was, and hoping that we should like her too.

The next night when the stage lumbered up to our gate, although we kept discreetly behind the blinds and let Aunt Mab go out and welcome the new-comers, every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the strange young lady.

"There she is; she's got a veil on," whispered Bertha (otherwise Bet, Aunt Mab's seventeen years' old daughter), after Pitt had alighted and given his mother the "bear-hug" that usually fell to her lot. "Oh, my! Isn't she tall?" And then, as Pitt, glancing toward the closed blinds, raised his hat and made a profound bow to them (instigated thereto by Aunt Mab), we precipitately retreated and rushed up-stairs.

In a few minutes Aunt Mab came up, and we immediately surrounded her, all eager to hear about the new-comer. "Is she pretty?" "What did she say?" "Do you like her?" etc., etc. Aunt Mab was fairly bewildered by the rush of questions. "I can't tell you anything about it," she said at last, in mild desperation. "You must come down and see for yourselves." But before we could decide who should go first, Pitt came up, three stairs at a time, and for a few minutes collars and *crimps* were at a discount, and then giving us no chance of escape he drove us down stairs before him.

I fairly pitied Miss Smith. She seemed so embarrassed and ill at ease; there were so many of us, and all strangers; but after the first few minutes she recovered herself a little, and seemed happier. Pitt was very attentive to her, and I could not help noticing, with a little jealous pain, how she seemed to depend on him, and refer to him about everything.

She was very handsome, there was no doubt about that; tall, very tall, and fair, with broad blue eyes and a profusion of light hair, short and *frizzed* over her forehead, and with a marvellous quantity of long curls falling over her shoulders in fashionable dishevelment and tied back with a blue ribbon. Very handsome, certainly; but, someway, that fact did not make me any happier. It was nearly tea-time when they arrived, and after a little time Aunt Mab rose, "on hospitable thoughts intent."

"Miss Smith is tired and dusty, no doubt," she said. "If one of you girls will show her to her room she will find some cool water there, and then we will have tea."

Bertha volunteered to do this, and I went out to help Aunt Mab, while Amy and Alice and Julia set the table, and Pitt went up to his room "to beautify," as he said.

Miss Smith seemed in the best of spirits during the evening, and I saw that she had made complete conquests of Aunt Mab and the girls, and that Pitt was highly delighted with that fact. It had been decided that Bertha and Miss Smith should occupy a room together, as Julia and Amy and Alice and I did, and so when the bed-room candles were lighted, Bertha took Miss Smith's arm and led the way up-stairs.

I lingered a few minutes after the others had gone, talking to Aunty and Pitt, and just as I rose to depart the door banged back, and Bertha bounced in, red and angry.

"What on earth is the matter, child?" cried Aunt Mab, alarmed at her unusual appearance, and starting to her feet.

"Nothing," answered Bertha, flashing a withering glance at her brother. "Nothing, only Pitt's Miss Smith says she 'cannot possibly share her room with anybody,' and that I—"

Pitt's back was towards us, and I thought, for a minute, that he was choking, but he recovered himself almost instantly.

"Good gracious!" he said, "you don't mean to say that *you*, oh, goodness!" He was certainly very provoking to laugh so when Bertha was so angry, but he did laugh loud and long.

"I *do* mean to say," said Bertha, severely, "that I had only taken off my back hair and unpinned my collar, when *your* (with vicious emphasis), Miss Smith, ordered me out of the room."

"Taken off your back hair?—oh! oh! oh! o-o-o-oh!" he was going off again, but a look at his mother's displeased face checked him. "I ought to have told you," he said more quietly. "I forgot all about it, but Miss Smith has a constitutional objection to sharing her room with any one, mother. It was my fault, and Bet mustn't be angry with her; can't Bet go into some other room?"

I saw that Aunt Mab was seriously annoyed, and, to end the little unpleasantness, at once I put my arm around Bertha and took my candle. "Good-bye for to-night," I said, laughing. "Bertha shall stay with me; Alice can go in with Julia and Amy in their wide bed." And so it was settled, but, although Bertha was somewhat mollified, it took some time to smooth her ruffled feathers.

I myself was unhappy and dissatisfied. When I had last seen Pitt he had said to me words which no girl ever forgets, and I had answered him frankly and truthfully when he asked me if I loved him; we were not engaged. I would not consent to that until he was out of college, but we only lacked the formal contract, and how I had longed for this visit no one save myself knew. I had looked forward to it as the brightest time in the whole summer, and I was bitterly disappointed at his having brought Miss Smith with him. Not that I was jealous. I had too much faith in Pitt to be that, but I knew that he would, of necessity, give up a great deal of his time to her, and I wanted him all to myself. It was too bad, I thought, that his visit should be spoiled in this way, and so I cried a little,—very softly, for fear Bertha would hear me, and then went to sleep and dreamed all sorts of impossible things about him and Miss Smith. During the following week I became thoroughly convinced that Pitt was in the right when he described his friend as "no end stylish," and "a regular stunner;" for she was both. Her fan was the largest and her hat the smallest that had ever been seen in the place, but, despite her low voice and mincing, affected ways (for she was terribly affected,—even gentle Aunt Mab said that), I thought her rather masculine, and a trifle "loud" at times, though I tried to overlook these things, and tried my very best to like her and to make her visit pleasant.

I was a little surprised, but, nevertheless, secretly pleased, to see that, after the very first, Pitt paid her no especial attention—even neglecting her sometimes, it seemed to me, and, thinking it my duty, I spoke to him about it one day when we were alone.

"Never you bother your head about Miss Smith, little girl," he answered, in his careless way. "She knows me, and don't take it amiss; and besides, she's big enough to take care of herself." And of course I could say no more.

She used both paint and powder—that we all knew—but she excused it on the ground of her singularly rough complexion; she flirted desperately with the young gentlemen of the place, and rode horse-back in a "fearful and wonderful manner." Bertha said "she didn't seem to know what a saddle was," and, certainly, she was an extremely awkward and timid equestrian, as she proved on her first trial.

"Topsey" (otherwise Grace Morton), Aunt Mab's youngest daughter, was the only one in the house on whom Miss Smith could make no impression.

"She ain't a lady," said the small critic to me one day, when she happened to find me alone. "She said 'beastly' the other day when she was talking to Pitt, and once when I fell down and she helped me up, a cigar fell out of her pocket, and she tried to make me think it was a roll of brown paper. And one day she caught me and kissed me, and her face was as rough as Pitt's." Therefore, in spite of candies and coaxing, Grace would have none of the stranger, and held sternly aloof from her.

The first two weeks of Pitt's visit passed quickly away, and were, despite my melancholy forebodings at the first, very bright and pleasant. Miss Smith seemed to understand the position of affairs between Pitt and myself perfectly, and submitted to being passed over once in a while with edifying cheerfulness, and during this time, in spite of my resolutions, Pitt, on the plea of his graduation in the fall, won my consent to a formal engagement. Miss Smith was the first (after Aunt Mab), to congratulate me, and as she stooped from her lordly height and kissed me, I could not help thinking of what Gracie said about her "rough face," and mentally agreeing with her.

But, even in the midst of my happiness, I made a sudden discovery which shook my faith in everything and everybody, and seemed to threaten total destruction to all my plans for the future.

It was on Wednesday night that I made this discovery, and thus it happened: We had all been to a picnic that day, and, what with the long ride and the dancing, I was tired all out; so tired that long after Bertha was sound asleep, I sat out on the balcony, wrapped in a light shawl, too tired and nervous to think of joining her.

It was very warm, almost sultry, and so quiet and still that I soon grew calmer, and resting my head on the railing I fell into a light slumber. How long I slept I do not know, but waking with a start, I became conscious of a murmur of voices near me, and of low laughter. I was thoroughly frightened at first, for I knew that everybody in the house had long ago retired, Bertha and I having been the last to come up-stairs, and wild thoughts of burglaries and murders came into my head. I waited and listened, but could distinguish no words, and then moved by a sudden impulse, I put my shawl over my head and went softly along the balcony in the direction from which the sound seemed to come.

The balcony extended around three sides of the house, and as I crept by the windows of the girls' rooms, I saw that they were all quiet,—evidently asleep. Still the mysterious sounds continued, and as I turned the corner of the house I encountered a cloud of smoke which nearly choked me, and discovered, to my horror, that the voices floated out of the open window of Pitt's room.

I stood for a moment horror-stricken, and in that moment I heard Pitt's voice in the darkness, so close to me that I was sure of discovery.

"I'm going to strike a light, Polly,—it's too much like an African tableau, sitting here in the dark,—and there's no one up except us." And then as I stood there, hidden by the vines which nearly covered the window, I saw a sight which nearly paralyzed me. At the other side of the room, with her face turned towards the window, sat Miss Smith; her short front hair rolled up on papers, her beautiful curls entirely gone, her dress unbuttoned, her feet on the table before her, and a lighted cigar in her mouth.

I could neither move nor think for a minute, and, as I stood there, I heard her say, in a voice so different from her usual soft tones, that I should have recognized it nowhere else, and with a loud yawn, "Come, Pitt, unlace these confounded boots for me, won't you? You owe me that much, and I am fairly exhausted. By the way, old fellow, how about your bet? I've won it, fairly, but I think it's a trifle mean to humbug all these good people so tremendously. I feel like a convict every time that sister of yours looks at me. Dear me, if this highly respectable and proper household should find out what a couple of sinners we are! regular wolves in sheep-skin binding,—eh, Pitt? What's that noise?"

I had turned to run away as Pitt rose to do her bidding, and, my foot catching among the vines, I nearly fell; they both came to the window, but it was dark as Egypt, and I reached my room in safety. What my feelings were, after I was calm enough to think at all, I leave you to imagine. I felt as one might if the earth should suddenly pass away from beneath his feet, leaving him to fall through infinite space without help or hope. My faith in Pitt had been perfect and unlimited, and in that short time during which I had stood before his window, it had been swept away cruelly and utterly. I felt that I should never recover from the shock. I had so loved him! I had believed in him so implicitly. He had always seemed so good and high-minded, so pure and honorable, so different from other men, and Aunt Mab was so proud of him, her "good boy;" it was terrible to find that we were all deceived in him—that he was like the others, only worse, in that he was a hypocrite also.

I passed a sleepless night, but when I rose in the morning my mind was made up to do what I thought my duty,—to tell Pitt just what I had seen, and give him back the ring which I had worn so short a time. When I met him at the breakfast-table, I was almost forced to believe that the events of the night had been a dream, so happy and light-hearted did he seem, and his eyes met mine so frankly and innocently, but the fact remained unaltered, and so I turned cross and sulky, and almost hated him for his perfect hypocrisy.

Miss Smith was radiant, in the best of spirits, and very talkative; but once or twice I saw her look at me in a queerly suspicious way—and when, as we left the table, and she, with unusual familiarity, put her arm around me, and I repulsed her, quietly but decidedly, I saw her glance at Pitt who was close behind us.

"I told you so," I heard her whisper, as she took his arm in her bold way. "It's all up, Pitt; she's found us out."

It was not until after tea that I saw Pitt alone, then he came out into the garden where I was walking; and I told him quietly as I could, all that I had seen and heard, and taking my ring off put it in his hand.

"Of course, after this, Pitt," I said, choking a little in spite of myself, "we cannot be as we were; but I wish—for your mother's sake—you would try to live a better life."

To say that I was astonished would but faintly express my sensations at Pitt's extraordinary behavior. Instead of showing the least sign of contrition or regret, his face exhibited the most singular (under the circumstances) emotions,—first of consternation blended with amusement; and then, to my intense disgust, he, the polite and gentlemanly Pitt Morton, as I turned away with an aching heart, sat himself down flat on the ground before me, and went off into such a paroxysm of mirth as I never saw before.

"Oh! oh! oh! o-o-o-h!" he cried, rocking backward and forward. "Oh, Melle!—I never!—it's too jolly good!—it's the highest lark that ever sang! Where's Miss Smith?"

"I will send her out," I said, suspecting him of sudden insanity; but as I moved away, he sprang up and caught me in his arms.

"You poor little thing!" he cried, kissing me again and again, despite my struggles. "Did you really think— Oh, good gracious!" he was going off again, but checked himself. "Have patience with me a little while, Melle, and I will explain. The girls and all the others are going down to the pond. Will you stay at home and wait for me in the library?"

Fifteen minutes later, after they were all gone, Pitt came into the library, trying his best to look grave, but failing tremendously.

"A college friend of mine is here quite unexpectedly," he said. "May I postpone my explanation until later? I'd like you to get acquainted with him before the girls come back—he's a splendid fellow." And then he opened the door, not waiting for my answer, and ushered in the "splendid fellow."

"My friend, Regy Hartmann, Miss Morton," he said, and looking up, I saw a slight, very handsome young gentleman standing before me.

"I am very happy to meet Mr. Hartmann," I said, somewhat stiffly, for I was conscious that my eyes betrayed that I had been crying; and then, to my great amazement, the gentleman replied in Miss Smith's unmistakable tones.

"We have met before, I think. Wasn't the picnic perfectly splendid?"

I stared, first at Pitt and then at his friend; and then, like a flash of light, the truth came to me. It was all one of Pitt's horrid practical jokes—nothing more nor less; and then, as the events of the past two weeks came back to me, I sank into a chair and laughed until I cried, while the two scapegraces joined in.

It seemed that Pitt, seeing his friend win laurels as "Lydia Languish" in some amateur theatricals, conceived the brilliant idea of playing a "perfectly immense" joke on us, and after a deal of persuasion had induced Mr. Hartmann to enter into it. The bet was that he could not escape detection for two weeks, which bet he triumphantly won.

Of course the joke could go no further, and so we called a council of war (including Aunt Mab, who first scolded them both impartially, and then forgave them *in toto*) to determine how to get rid of "Miss Smith." It would never do to let the others know, and Mr. Hartmann could not bring himself to play the part any longer, and so when the girls returned they found only Miss Smith's farewells awaiting them.

"She was called away by a sudden and very melancholy event in her family," explained Aunt Mab. "Pitt has gone to take her home."

On the second day after, Pitt came back accompanied by a college friend, Mr. Regy Hartmann, and bringing the welcome intelligence that he was going to stay three weeks longer.

The girls were delighted with the young stranger, and I was surprised to see how complete his disguise had been, for not one of them even suspected the truth. Paint and powder and darkened eyelids had screened him completely; and as he now appeared, with the addition of a "splendid moustache," ("got at a bargain," Pitt told me) I almost doubted his identity myself.

Only once did he come near discovery, and that was when Grace turned upon him suddenly with the question: "Are you any relation to Miss Smith, Mr. Hartmann? Your eyes are awfully like hers."

Bertha was looking straight at him, and for a moment I thought the whole thing was discovered, but his perfect self-possession saved him.

"We are own cousins, Topsey," he said, coolly meeting Bertha's eyes without a tremor. "Thanks for the compliment. Polly's eyes are considered quite fine, I believe. What do you think about the resemblance, Miss Bertha?"

Pitt pinched my arm black and blue. Aunt Mab retired from the room abruptly, and I bit my lips to keep my face straight; but Bertha was satisfied, and never until after she was Mrs. Regy Hartmann (for of course that came about after awhile) did she know the true story of Miss Smith.

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FANNY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY DORRIS HUNTINGTON.

Fanny! winsome sprite,
Thou with eyes so bright,
Look at me:
Do not fear, my pet,
But I'll win thee yet,
Spite of thee.

Coy and hard to please,
Loving well to tease,
Cruel Fan!
Ere it be too late,
I will learn my fate,
Like a man.

Well thou know'st that I,
When thou passest by,
Caring not,
Feel thy slightest frown,
And my heart's cast down,
Sad my lot.

Swift the blushes go
On thy brow of snow,
And thine eyes,
When I seek thy grace,
Looking on my face,
Show surprise.

Listen to my plea,
Darling, come to me,
Be my wife;
And rest on my heart,
Never more to part
Through our life.

THE MANIAC'S FREAK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. D. H. P.

"By-by, Arthur; come home as early as you can;" and with a long, lingering look at the retreating figure of her husband, Cousin Fanny shut the door, and approached the fire, where our *petite* Cousin Maud and myself were sitting.

"How like lovers you and Arthur are, Fan; it is really a novelty to see such a couple in this indifferent world," Maud observed languidly. "George would think I was insane, if I should kiss him when he was only going to the club."

Fanny smiled, but there was a tinge of pride in her tones as she answered,

"We are old-fashioned enough to love each other, Maud."

The fashionable little woman opened her eyes.

"*Is* there such a thing as love? I thought it lived only in books, and was too frail for every-day wear."

"Undoubtedly that is the case, where marriage is simply a bill of sale or stock-exchange; but love has made our romance a pleasant reality."

"Tell us something about it," Maud asked, with awakened interest.

"About what? You have already seen a chapter of our every-day life."

"Oh, you know what I mean; tell me where you first met Arthur—something about this agreeable love-making," and Maud laughed.

"I am afraid, Irene, that such a recital would bore you," Fanny said, turning to me.

"By no means. I have heard that you had a spice of romance in the affair, but have never learned any of the particulars," I rejoined.

"Well, then, as I see Maud is in earnest, you shall hear something of the manner in which we were introduced to our present happy life.

"Times were hard with us after father died; our farm was small, you know, and as our family consisted of 'girls exclusively,' mother, by dint of saving, could barely keep us together with any show of respectability. Such turning and changing from one to the other, such mending and piecing, I am sure was never surpassed, if it was ever equaled. I never throw away a bit of lace now, without thinking of the many times that I have darned for hours on a like bit, in the dear old days of the past. We used to say laughingly, that all of our lace was *applique*.

"One evening we girls sat looking over the doleful picture, and I surprised them all by saying,

"'It is of no use to sit still and fold our hands over this affair; I for one shall try to relieve the Little General (we used to call our heroic mother this) by ridding her of my presence.'

"'What will you do?' they asked, in surprise, for they knew I had no talent for sewing.

"'I shall teach,' I said firmly.

"A short silence followed, and then sister Ida said,

"'If you really mean what you say, and would accept of such a position, you can find a situation in a public school by applying to Mr. Archer. He was asking me yesterday if I knew of any one who would accept of the situation. He said it was a small school, about eight miles from here, called "Still Brook School."'

"'Just the thing,' I said. 'I will see Mr. Archer in the morning, and ask him to take me.'

"The preliminaries were soon finished, and I was engaged to become the schoolmam of 'Still Brook School.'

"Everything was new at first, but after a week it was decided that my boarding place was to be changed. Mrs. Irving had consented to board me. Now, Mrs. Irving had the largest and the whitest house in the neighborhood, and the said house had the greenest of all green blinds. Mrs. Irving, too, had the prettiest flowers and the only iron fence in the neighborhood. How the people did congratulate me! She had never been known to take a boarder before, and it was really a great compliment to me.

"In spite of my self-possession—in spite of all my democratic independence of the trifles that make a position, I was awed by the stately appearance of Mrs. Irving's domain, and when her little snarling poodle caught angrily at my skirt, I felt a cold thrill steal over me. When I pulled the bell and glanced at the forbiddingly closed blinds, I really did wish that I had never thought of teaching. The door was opened presently, and Mrs. Irving welcomed me to my new home.

"'I think I shall like to have you here,' she said, 'it has been so very lonely here since my niece married and went away. My husband is absent so much that I feel indeed alone.'

"'There is, they say, "a skeleton in every house," but really I can't find any here,' I said that night, as I sought my pillow.

"Her table was certainly worthy of the acceptance of a king, and all the furniture of the house was beautiful, enjoyable, and cheerful.

"The next morning, as I came down to breakfast, Mrs. Irving introduced me to an old gentleman.

"'You will find my Uncle Grey rather eccentric,' she said, as she led me away to the farther part of the room; 'but I am sure you will not notice it too closely. He was disappointed in marriage, and, consequently, women are not liked by him very well.'

"As we seated ourselves at the table, I saw that he had once been a very Hercules in size and strength, and that even now he seemed possessed of wonderful physical powers. I knew not why, but I felt a strange dread of him, for there was something in his dark, piercing eyes, that spoke of the fire of insanity. Upon inquiry I learned that he had been insane. After that morning, however, he seemed to ignore my presence. He was a very quiet man, and as he seldom spoke to any one, and often remained in his own room for days at a time, I soon ceased to think of him.

"One morning, as I passed through the hall, on my way to school, I heard Mrs. Irving's voice in the sitting-room. I was about to bid her 'good morning,' as was my usual custom, when I heard her exclaim—

"'Oh, Arthur! you are the last man I expected to see to-day, and you know you are the best boy in the world to give me such a glad surprise.'

"I waited to hear no more, for I knew by those words that Arthur Marlton, her nephew, had returned from Europe. Scholastic duties detained me until a late hour that day, and it was evening before I was introduced to Mr. Marlton. The hours seemed to glide away like moments as we listened to his experience in the Old World, and it was late before we retired. As I reached the landing at the head of the stairs, my light, by a draft of wind from some direction, was blown out. I gained my room in the dark; but just as I was about to enter a cold hand was pressed against mine, and a fierce whisper seemed to come from above—

"'*Dare to make him love you, and I will kill you!*'

"The darkness was so intense that I could see nothing; but I burst open the door, entered, and locked myself in my room. I was almost dead with fright, but I re-lighted my lamp as quickly as possible.

"'What could it have been?' I questioned. I knew that I was the only inmate in that part of the house, and I tried to persuade myself that it was a dream. Still, the pressure on my hand seemed so real. All night long the terrible whisper rang in my ears, and I slept little.

"The next morning Mrs. Irving questioned me about my heavy eyes, asking if I were ill.

"'Only a headache,' I replied, and looked at her uncle. But Major Grey quietly sipped his coffee, as if he had not a regard for anything else in the world, and the more I thought of it, the more I reflected that I must have been deceived.

"Arthur and I soon became warm friends. I could see that Mrs. Irving was pleased. Every day she became more thoughtful of my wants, and I could not help wishing that my five months' school would last forever. But there was something in Major Grey's eye, as I found it fixed in mine, that I did not like; something so vindictive that it made me shudder. I saw him seldom, however, and as my thoughts were centred upon Arthur, I gave these glances but little heed.

"Weeks went by. Whenever Mr. Marlton and I were alone together, it always seemed to me as if I could feel a third presence, and often an indefinable sense of evil seemed hanging over me.

"I was detained at the school-house one afternoon until dusk, making out my monthly report. The task was over at last, and I started on my way home. I was obliged to pass a woody section of country, but I knew it to be a quiet neighborhood, and therefore felt no fear. I was thinking of Mrs. Irving and Mr. Marlton, and wondering if they had returned from the neighboring town, which I knew they had visited that afternoon, when suddenly a dark form seemed to loom up before me. I felt myself clasped up in a pair of strong arms and borne swiftly away into the deep wood. Fear made me dumb for a moment, then a covering was placed over my mouth; my wrists were clasped by a vice-like grip, but still my captor hurried on. I knew that I was being carried deeper and deeper into an almost impenetrable woodland. I felt my breath coming fainter and fainter, until at length I was unconscious of everything around me. I was aroused by a violent shake, and on opening my eyes I saw the huge form of Major Grey bending over me. His eyes gleamed with an exultant fire, and he said, with a fiendish laugh, 'See! your boudoir!' I glanced around me, and saw that I was in a sort of cave. It looked as if it had been of nature's forming, but I could see that the work of man had been recent. There was a rustic chair made of green boughs, a couch of the same rude construction, and on this was placed a small mattress and blankets.

"'You don't even thank me,' he said with a low laugh. 'Do you know that I have made a carpet of moss for your delicate feet? I would not have taken so much pains for you, dolly face, but I knew *they* liked you, and I remembered what was due to my guest.'

"'Why have you brought me here?' I faltered?

"'Oh, you *are* innocent! Don't I know you want to take my Arthur's heart to pieces inch by inch, as *she* did mine, and then cast him off? But you won't, for I'll keep you here until you are dead. You women like to get us enmeshed. See what I have made for you!' and he threw over my head a rope net-work that bound me hand and foot. 'How pretty you look in your cage! There, I will lay you on your couch.' And he arranged the blankets and took me in his detested arms once more and laid me down. 'How pretty you look!' he said, leaning over me; 'I would kiss you good-night, but I don't kiss women," and with a shrill laugh he withdrew, taking the light with him.

"All that night I lay helplessly thinking of my hopeless fate. I felt something cold and slimy creep over my face, and I knew it must be something like a lizard. Then came a slow, wavy motion over the ropes, that chilled me with horror, for I knew it was a snake. I gave one shrill scream, and tried to fling myself from the couch. The reptile was probably frightened, for I heard something fall to the earth. A chilliness like death stole over me, the blood in my veins seemed to be turned to ice. Hours of agony went by. Ages, to me, rolled away, and then I saw a gray streak at the opening of my prison, and I knew it was day. I knew that I should not be missed from school, as it was Saturday, and I thought, with a feeling of horror, that Mrs. Irving might imagine I had gone home in her absence to town. Gradually I made out some of the features of my prison-house. I knew that I was underground, for I could see that steps had been cut in the rock, that led from the opening above. Wild vines drooped down through the aperture, but not a ray of sunshine penetrated the gloomy place.

"I had no wish for food or drink. I was deterred from feeling the need of any by my fear of snakes, and the awful loneliness of the place.

"At last a hand parted the vines, and I saw Major Grey descending through the opening. His gigantic dimensions seemed greater than ever as he approached me, and I closed my eyes, feigning sleep.

"'It is a pretty dolly face,' he murmured, 'and I wish I had killed her before Arthur learned to love it. But the poor boy will grieve himself to death over her. He can't bear it as I have borne it. I'll make her marry him; and then, if she is not good to him, I will cut and disfigure these pretty features until no one else will care for her. Yes, I'll *make* her marry him!'

At that moment the vines were torn rudely away, and Arthur descended.

"Major Grey uttered an oath.

"'Oh, Miss Weber! are you here?' I heard Arthur exclaim; but before I had time to reply, I saw Major Grey spring upon him. They rolled over and over, writhed in each other's grasp, but Arthur's strength at last gave out in the struggle with the terrible maniac, and I saw the fiend produce a long rope from his pocket, and bind him hand and foot. I was too frightened, and too ill, to cry out. The maniac then tenderly stroked Mr. Marlton's hair, and said, 'Poor Arthur! did you not know it was in vain to struggle with me?' Then turning, he ran swiftly up the steps and disappeared. Mr. Marlton raised himself on one elbow and looked around; it was evident his eyes were not yet accustomed to the darkness, and he had not discovered my presence.

"'Mr. Marlton, are you hurt?' I asked. 'Oh, Fanny! are you here? Where are you? I can't see you, it is so dark.' I told him of my position, and, guided by the sound of my voice, he drew himself with much difficulty nearer to me. Then I briefly told him the story of my capture, and of the horrors of the long day and night.

"'But how did you find me?' I asked.

"'At first, we thought your people must have come for you while we were away. Aunt Irving still thinks so, and I was of that opinion until two hours ago, when I overheard the major talking something to himself about you that awakened my suspicions. I saw him going toward the wood, and I followed him without being seen. You know the sequel. What he means by leaving us here I know not; for it is not easy to read the purposes of a maniac, and I know now, although I had no suspicion of it before, that he is really insane.'

"Then he reproached himself for ever trusting the major to any other keeping than that of the asylum.

"'If I could only release you,' he said, 'I would not care for myself.'

"I did not tell him anything the major had said, for Arthur had never told me he loved me, and I could not, even in this dreadful position, tell him the words of my captor. His thoughts evidently were of some way to relieve me. He tried to break the rope that bound his hands by gnawing it in two with his teeth.

"'It will take some time,' he said, hopefully, 'but must yield at last. We are so far from any human habitation, and the opening of the cave is so concealed, that unless I can free myself there is little hope of relief for you. His sympathy was so tender for me that I felt the rigor of my confinement become more endurable. He would give me from time to time a glance in which was blended so much anguish for my suffering that it seemed as if his pain was even greater than my own.

"An hour or more passed in this manner, when we heard voices and footsteps hastily approaching.

"Again the huge form darkened the opening, and this time the maniac was accompanied by Mr. Blyn, a near neighbor of ours, a clergyman. Mr. Blyn was a man of slight form, one whom ill health prevented engaging in active duties, and he had therefore taken up his residence at Still Brook to recuperate his health.

"The light had blinded his eyes, so that he was unable to see anything in our prison-house.

"'Where is Mr. Marlton? This is a bad place for a wounded man. I can see nothing here. You said he was wounded in the region of the heart; let us hurry or it will be too late. We must get out of this.'

"'Not yet, my little man!' and the maniac's laugh had a metallic ring. 'My Arthur is wounded in the heart, but you can cure him, come along!' and he dragged Mr. Blyn toward the place of our helpless captivity. He quickly struck a light, and as the clergyman's gaze rested upon us he uttered an exclamation of horror.

"'You see what I want,' he cried, 'you must marry this couple.'

"'Not if they are unwilling,' said Mr. Blyn, firmly.

"Taking a revolver from his pocket, he said, '*Then you shall die!*'

"'Well,' was the firm answer. 'I do not think I have many months to live, anyway, and a little less does not frighten me.'

"Again the terrible laugh rang out as he exclaimed, 'Then you shall have the *little less!*' and he raised the pistol.

"'Hold, Uncle Gray!' exclaimed Arthur, for the first time speaking; 'wait a moment;' turning to me he said hastily,

"'Will you not save Mr. Blyn's life? I have loved you ever since I first saw you. Can you love me well enough to marry me now?'

"'Yes!' I said, in a voice so low that he had to bend toward me to catch the whisper.

"'We are willing, and glad to have you perform the ceremony, Mr. Blyn; so you may put up your pistol, Uncle Grey,' said Arthur, in a cheerful tone of voice, but unbind us first.'

"'Not at all,' he said, with bright gleaming eyes. 'No more tricks with Major Grey. Dolly-face would fool you as *she* fooled me; don't you see, my boy?' patting Arthur's shoulder. 'Go on, Dominy, we'll keep her in her cage till Arthur can claim her. You've only one witness, but he's big enough for two.'

"I was half conscious of hearing something saying 'yes,' once or twice. The maniac had freed Arthur, but kept one hand on his relative's shoulder, saying, 'In a moment, my boy, she may be free.' I was conscious that after a few words we were pronounced man and wife, and then darkness came over me.

"For weeks everything was a blank.

"Exposure, from the damp vault, added to my fright, produced a dangerous fever, from which I did not recover till after a long period of suffering. Arthur was my constant watcher—and it was only through his tender care, added to the kindness of Mrs. Irving, that I was restored to health.

"In the meantime, Major Grey had become so hopelessly insane, that he had been carried to the asylum.

"We had been out walking one afternoon, and the exercise had given a tinge of color, for the first time, to my cheeks. Arthur quickly noted the favorable change, and drawing nearer to me, as we sat on a rustic seat in the garden, said,

"'I shall want my little wife now—but I do not feel as if we were married yet; do you?'

"'No,' I replied.

"And seeing my quick rejoinder, and half frightened look, he laughed, and said:

"'Don't be afraid of me, little one; you are so timid, that had it not been for the freak of that maniac, I should have had some trouble in winning you. But the die is cast now, and I shall *make* you love me. Mrs. Irving planned that your people visit us to-morrow; and I have decided that we shall be married again—this time, in the good old English way. See, here is the ring!'

"I examined the massive gold circlet—and, as he replaced it in his pocket, he said,

"'After the ring has been put on this little, fair finger, I think it will seem to you as if you were really my wife.'

"Arthur took me to my city home, in a few days after—and for the first time I knew that he was wealthy. I had never given it a thought before. We had little time for courtship before marriage, and so we are lovers yet.

"But I must go and see if baby is all right, for there is no nurse like a mother, you know;" and, excusing herself, she left us to think of her story.

Maud sighed as she gazed into the glowing embers, and said,

"Well, all are not expected to have everything they could wish, I suppose."

THE OLD STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SADIE BEATY.

She was so young, so fair, so gentle-hearted,
So full of gay delight,
No grief had o'er the tear of sorrow started,
No care had left its blight;
Until he came life was a bright delusion,
A morn without a night,
Her sweet June roses bloomed in rich profusion
With no sharp thorn in sight.

He was so false, and yet with all so knightly,
So handsome, brave, and wise,
No one could think that anything unsightly
Dwelt in such perfect guise.
He taught her first to love, and then he left her,
One more endowed to wed,
He would have been more kind had he bereft her
At once of breath instead.

Need he have stooped from roaming wide creation,
And with his gilded net
Have lifted her from out her lowly station
To fling her lower yet?
For life was now a sorrow borne unaided,
A night without a morn,
The roses of her June all drooped and faded
And only left the thorn.

Wild longings filled her for that other city,
Those mansions in the skies,
Where God with matchless love and tender pity
Wipes tears from weeping eyes;
And so she took the life become so aimless,
And left a tainted name;
Though it were not for us to hold her blameless,
Was she alone to blame?

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

DAISY ENCOUNTERS A "FETCH."

It was one thing for Daisy to retreat from the gilded nest of Gabrielle without hindrance or impediment, but it was quite another matter to leave, unguided, the Rokeby mansion without experiencing embarrassment or check.

The weakness of yielding to a disposition to oblige—of acting, in fact, without reflection—is sometimes brought sharply before us, in the shape of a situation which, if it be not exactly equivocal, is, to say the least, perplexing. Poor Daisy found now that a minute's reflection before she acquiesced in Dean's apparently anxious wish—as if he had been peremptorily instructed to that effect—to conduct her to the presence of Miss Gabrielle would have prevented the painful interview which had occurred, and would have spared her her present cruel difficulty of wandering through the maze of corridors intersecting each other, and leading in every direction but to the exterior of the house, and of entering apartments only to retreat from them in confusion, on finding that they led only into other chambers, and not to the broad staircase of which she was in search.

It may have been that she was confounded, distressed, distracted, not only by what had just passed between her and Gabrielle, but by what had previously happened, and thus wandered, bewildered by her thoughts rather than the chain of passages. The scene with Abel Stoke, and her inexplicable interview with Miss Lois Gray, with its attendant insults, had been enough for one morning; but this last interchange between her and Gabrielle seemed to have the effect of dazing, stunning her; of utterly confusing her brain, so that she could scarcely tell what she was doing or caring, except that she yearned to get out into the air, for the atmosphere of the house seemed to stifle her.

She felt as if she could scream and tear her hair, at the incessantly recurrent idea, which seemed to excoriate and abrase her brain each time it passed like a searing flame through it, that Abel Stoke's story was true. That, as she understood it, Mark Jarrett, in the interest of some great revenge, had stolen herself, and the cold, blue-eyed, pale Sycorax whom she had just quitted, and had placed them in positions to which they were not entitled, which would bring humiliation to all concerned in the detestable scheme—the most grievous of all being that which would fall on herself and Gabrielle—her *sister!*

Her sister, if Abel Stoke had spoken truth, and that he had spoken the truth she had but one indefinable doubt, one illogical impression, unsupported save by a mental belief that she was not low born. She had, however, sense enough to perceive that such an impression was of little value if it could not be sustained by facts.

Her sister! The scornful, pale-faced, iron-souled, cruel-tongued girl who, if born of the same mother, had nothing in common with her. Her sister, and betrothed to Wil Rokeby! Oh, the bitterness, the agony, there was in that thought. Her sister, who had been brought up with him from a little child, and who, of course, loved him with a frantic, frenzied, overwhelming desperation. Her sister, who had, no doubt, been often fondled, caressed, kissed by him!

Her sister, withal, who had dared to denounce him as an unprincipled libertine, and had all but broken her heart by the crushing statement that the name of Mark Jarrett's Daisy had been in his mouth a scoff, a scorn, a gibe.

It is no wonder that before she had wandered through many windings and turnings, and in and out of apartments, that she should, on finding herself in a quiet, unpretentious room overlooking the extensive grounds, sink coweringly into a chair, and give way to that volume of anguish which had increased with successive thoughts until it had culminated into one incontrollable passion of tears.

Hot, scalding, bitter, grievous tears. Very grievous tears, for she felt herself to be, not only helpless and powerless, but to be a humble born creature, whose proper place was in a country hut, or in a scullery, at service.

And with this thought in her mind, crushing, maddening her, she heard a light cough—a soft, musical cough—a man's cough, a spurious spasm of the breath uttered purposely to rouse her attention.

She looked up through her cataract of tears, and saw dimly the form of a man.

She dashed the bright, hot drops from her eyes as she rose to her feet and turned her gaze upon him, to offer, as well as she might, an apology for intrusion, when she saw Wil Rokeby was standing before her.

At least, she knew but one Wil Rokeby, and did not believe there could be another in the world made in his mould; therefore she was quite certain that it was Wil Rokeby who stood before her.

O the deadly faintness that came over her! O the aching of her poor young heart! O the deafening sounds, cries in her ears—the stunning clanging there! The sense of humiliation, misery, unendurable distraction!

A cry—such a cry of utter woe—a shrill, shrieking wail of hopeless despair, escaped from her lips as she strove to make her way out of the room—out of the house—out into the cold, bleak, wide, wide, pitiless world—nay, out of the world—and then came oblivion.

The swooning fit which is peculiar to women rather than to men is sometimes a boon to them instead of an injury. The sudden suspension of the faculties will sometimes check a strain on the mental powers which they would not be able to endure without disastrous results; and though weakness, and even prostration, may follow the syncope, the more injurious pressure on the brain has been relieved.

This proved to be the case with Daisy. She lay for some time like one dead, and was, happily, unconscious that two or three maids had been in the room, ministering to her, or that Gabrielle, having been hastily summoned too, had regarded her with a scornful glance, had stalked out of the room again, with bitter and contemptuous words on her lips.

When she revived, the servants had been dismissed the room, and she saw only the bright, clear-complexioned countenance of Wil, his large, brilliant eyes fastened wonderingly and lovingly on her face, hanging over her own with an expression of deep concern and uneasiness stamped upon it.

It was like waking out of a painful, disquieting dream, to find herself in Paradise.

For nearly a minute she could not realize her position. She found herself reclining upon a couch; Wil, so it seemed to her, was bending over her, with expanded orbs, in which there was a puzzled, grieved, grave look; and a dead silence reigned, for they were alone. Where was she? How had she been brought hither? Surely not like the beautiful princess in the Arabian tale—thorough the heavens by a fairy. Yet she was in an apartment quite unknown to her, and there was the face of a youth bending over hers which was handsome enough to belong to a prince at the very least.

One more rapid glance about her, one more at her companion, then, with a gasp of fright, she leaped from the couch, and made for the door; but she was intercepted, and with gentle force detained.

"Pardon me, my dear Miss Vane; do not be disturbed or distressed," exclaimed a voice which was Wil's, from lips that were certainly Wil's too.

Yet, Miss Vane! What could he mean by Miss Vane? Why should he address her as Miss Vane?—he, who knew her only as Mark Jarrett's Daisy—and had had such good reason to know her especially by that appellation.

She paused at his words with apparent reluctance, yet not really with unwillingness, for that wondrous influence which operates like a charm upon the loving in the presence of the loved, unconsciously made her pause.

There was a secret and delicious pleasure in being near to him—almost in thrilling contact—that, though he had strangely called her out of her name, and to remain for an instant longer than was imperative beneath the same roof as the disdainful Gabrielle was excessively distasteful and painful to her, she could not help but linger for a moment.

Then the soft, tender voice spoke again, saying—

"Pray calm your agitated feelings. Be seated again until you have composed yourself. You cannot be permitted to leave us thus painfully moved."

She tried to look up, tried to speak; but she could not utter a word.

Then again he said—

"I cannot divine what has happened here to have occasioned you so much painful emotion; but if you will not fear to trust me—if you will only believe—as, indeed, I most earnestly wish you to believe—that I am sincerely, deeply interested in you, and will put me in possession of the cause of your perturbation, I will find a way to afford you reparation—if not adequate, still as ample as can be compelled."

Daisy felt still sick at heart. She was chill, and trembled, and her brain ached with the memories and reflections which began rapidly to steal into it again. She could not raise her eyes to his, even to look in his face. She could scarcely control her voice to articulate distinctly; but at length she found some words.

She was anxious that he should know why she was beneath his father's roof alone and so much troubled. She felt that she did not care much what others thought of her strange coming if he did not misinterpret it. He had paid her a special visit to Mark Jarrett's, with a mission from his mother, entreating her to place herself beneath her care; and she had then explained why she had declined the kindness offered to her. Now she could communicate to him, better almost than any one else, why she had been induced to change her views, and, therefore, why she had ventured to present herself alone at his home.

There was a bewilderment about finding him there, when she had supposed him to be far away, confined to a sick bed; but, as some elucidation, it had flashed through her mind that Mark Jarrett had spoken, in reference to his struggle in the river, as if it were a "mere ducking," and that Dean had said that he was getting rapidly well. It was not impossible, therefore, that he had returned home, and by no means improbable, therefore, that Mrs. Rokeby had returned with him.

If this were so—and she prayed that it might be—she resolved, in the explanation she was about to offer, to request a few words in private with Mrs. Rokeby, that she might take counsel with her how to act. Not to reside with her—the vision of Gabrielle's cold white face forbade all notion of such a proceeding—but to be guided in her future, so that, in the event of the necessity arising which would force her into a secluded and humble future career, it would be at least free from all elements which would wound her spirit, or call a hot, debasing blush into her cheeks.

So, in a trembling voice, and in a very low tone, she said—

"You were much surprised to find me here, Mr. Rokeby?"

"Greatly," he responded, gently. "I need scarcely add, deeply gratified, if it were not for the sharp alloy of seeing you so deeply distressed in mind. Let me express a hope that your mental suffering has not been wrought, or even embittered, by anything which has occurred in this house."

"My trouble originated elsewhere, Mr. Rokeby," she returned, speaking still with downcast eyes. "Of course, you will comprehend where; but it has not, certainly, been assuaged since I presented myself here in good faith and hopefulness."

"You had just terminated an interview with my Cousin Gabrielle when I discovered you in this room?" he interposed, suggestively.

"A most painful one," she responded, with a quivering lip, and a tremor in her tone: "but I suppose—"

Again he stayed her.

"Pardon me," he interrupted, in a firm and resolute tone. "If there are to be exculpatory explanations, it is the duty of my Cousin Gabrielle to make them, for you are a visitor here. I know the lady pretty well, and I believe I am well acquainted with the proper influence to bring to bear upon her in order to make her as docile and confiding as an angel child. Pray dissipate from your mind any fears of future malevolent utterance beneath this roof, at least, while I am near to you."

"I thank you with a gratefulness of heart I will not attempt to describe by words, Mr. Rokeby, but your further interposition in my favor is—I feel—I feel—I may say now—quite beside any beneficial purpose," she returned, still quite unable to raise her eyes from the ground. "Indeed, it cannot serve me, and it may injure me."

"That I may say, nay, I will say, is simply impossible," he responded, with a tone—so like Wil—approaching vehemence.

She shook her head sadly, and looked as sad as she felt.

"You will remember, Mr. Rokeby," she pursued, pensively, but a slight tell-tale color rising to her cheek "that you kindly—generously—nay, nobly," her voice slightly faltered, "took upon yourself a task—perhaps it would be more fair to you to say you accepted the trust of bearing a mission to me—and which you were compelled to discharge under somewhat dangerous difficulties at St. John's Wood."

He looked at her with a puzzled expression.

"You will remember the terms of the offer you brought to me, couched in such delicate expressions," she went on to say, scarcely able to articulate her words from extreme emotion.

"No, I do not remember what would have been to me an extreme pleasure," he returned, slowly, and with unmistakable embarrassment.

Now she looked up at him with widely extended eyes, and a rush of blood to forehead, face, and neck.

Surely he did not purpose to disown, discountenance her—deny that he had been the bearer of the offer of which she had thought so constantly, and had refused with so much pain. If so, then the insult was a wanton and unjustifiable indignity, and her continuance there longer than would suffice for her to reach the threshold and cross it intolerable—unendurable.

She gazed at him for a moment, deprived of speech. That there was a slight indescribable change in his features flashed through her mind; but that might only be the result of a studied expression, and she had already fancied that the inflexions in his tones were somewhat different to those she had so loved to listen to, yet the alterations might only be due to his efforts to save the life of one "young and beautiful." Except that, for a person who had been brought to death's door by a swim for life, he looked remarkably well.

Still it was Wil who stood before her. For, at least, this individual was his counterpart; and could there exist in the world *two* Wil Rokebys? She felt that she could triumphantly answer herself in the negative. Withal, her heart sank within her as if it were a bulb of ice, as cold and as lifeless.

"You are not prepared, Mr. Rokeby, to tell me that you forget your very remarkable, and, as you know, quite unexpected visit to me, at the house of—of—my guardian," she at length with some difficulty advanced.

He drew a deep breath, for he saw by the extraordinary signs of indignant wonder her expressive countenance betrayed that there was a singular and unfortunate misapprehension somewhere.

"I have never been so fortunate as to see you since I had the honor of an introduction to you by Lady Mary Waggleton," he responded, in his most gracious and sweetest tones—so gracious and sweet that she could not have extorted from them the faintest trace of an intention to insult or wound her.

"I do not know Lady Mary Waggleton," she ejaculated, almost with suspended breath.

"It was at the Countess of Rockliffe's reception," he proceeded, and drew a little nearer to her.

She receded a step in unabated surprise.

"I was never at the Countess of Rockliffe's," she returned, slowly. "I do not know her—I never heard her name before."

He uttered an exclamation of unqualified astonishment.

"Surely you remember your acknowledgment that we had previously met at Dovedale, where I at first imagined you to be a naiad of the Dove," he cried, with rapidity, but with the look of one dazed.

"I was never at Dovedale," repeated Daisy, ready to burst into tears with perplexity. "You cannot pretend to forget that when first we met you saved me at least from outrage, if not from death, and for which service I am sufficiently grateful to retain it in my memory."

"Who? I?" he cried, putting his hands to his temples, as if he felt that he was becoming, or had already become, hopelessly insane. "I saved you—saved you! Where?" he interrogated, with a vacant laugh.

"At the Grange," she rejoined, coldly, beginning to freeze up, for this colloquy was either degenerating into a kind of childish absurdity, or it was on his part a deliberate design to humiliate her to the last degree.

Yet he looked so puzzled, so incredulous, as if he did not believe his ears, or that his sense of vision was playing tricks with him. Then he looked so earnest, and sincere too, that it was difficult to imagine that he was playing the part of double dealer.

But, as if utterly to crush out of her mind all the suggestions which almost instinctly rose up it in his favor, he said, in a curiously apologetic tone, as if he felt that his memory had by some mischievous conjuration been abstracted from him—

"Pardon me. The Grange—what Grange?"

"What Grange?" she echoed, faintly, with another rush of resentful blood to her forehead.

And as she uttered the word she recoiled from him, and in spite of the powerful position he held in her heart, she began to fear with how much agony she alone could have described that there was some foundation for the disparaging words both Mark Jarrett and his cousin, Gabrielle, had spoken concerning him.

"Ye—yes," he faltered, as to his dismay he saw her receding to the door step by step. "I fear I am intolerably dull, inconceivably stupid, not to remember the place you refer to. Yet, I would rather you should believe me stolid than there should be any misconception between us. Permit me, therefore, in all sincerity, to acknowledge my deficient memory, and to entreat you to give me the name of the Grange, if only to help me."

Poor Daisy! She placed her closed hand silently on her heart. It seemed to her that the only hope in life to which she had secretly clung had marched mercilessly out of her heart, and left her only an object of utter despair.

She felt that she could well lay herself down there and die, for there appeared to be no longer a place in the world for her.

But she kept this sense of complete bankruptcy in happiness hidden from his sight, and adopted an air of quiet, cold dignity as she receded with downcast eyes to the door, for to look upon him again would be only to deepen an agony already more than sufficiently deep.

"It appears very strange to me," she responded, with difficulty, "that you should forget what I can never cease to remember. It seems, also—perhaps I may be wrong—to me a piece of refined cruelty to ask me to bring back to your recollection a place named Mark Jarrett's Grange."

"Oh, yes—Mark Jarrett's Grange," he interrupted, rapidly. "I know it by name, of course. I have heard it mentioned many times; but I give you my word of honor as a gentleman that I was never there, Miss Vane."

Miss Vane! Again that name! She started, and folded herself within herself closer and closer still. What could this all

mean? In his voice, in his words, there was no apparent insult. Yet in both it seemed to her there was covert indignity, which wounded her beyond conception.

She repeated the name with a curling lip, and added—

"Is it needful, also, that I should add to the information I have already given to you that I do not bear the name of Vane?"

"But, pardon me! Believe me, I would not offend you for worlds," he cried, with rapidly-rising excitement. "And I perceive that in some way you are offended—hurt. I—I would part with my life sooner than pain you by anything I can say, or bring the faintest shade of a cloud on your brow. Of course, I did not know your name when we met at Dovedale; but, by my soul, if you do not remember it, ah! believe me, I do. You were introduced to me at the Countess of Rockliffe's party as Miss Vane."

It was now Daisy's turn to be excited, and with a bright rose tint suffusing her face and forehead, and with eyes that glittered resplendently, she responded, passionately and reproachfully—

"You are jeering me, sir—you are fooling me! It is wicked of you! Who so well as you should know that I am known but by one name? That I have borne no other, can acknowledge no other, than that I bear now—Mark Jarrett's Daisy?"

She turned away with a wild, hysterical burst of weeping.

At this moment there was a footstep rapidly passing the door, which Daisy had partly opened. It was arrested suddenly, and Daisy was almost forced back by the abrupt push made at the door, which, as she retreated with her sweet face buried in her handkerchief, revealed the form of Mr. Rokeby.

He glanced hastily at Daisy, then at her companion, then back at Daisy.

With a polished courtesy which he so well knew how to assume, but which cost him no small effort to wear now without betraying the intense inward excitement he really felt, he said, in a voice that slightly trembled—

"My ears did not deceive me, I believe, my dear young lady, in conveying to me the name of Mark Jarrett's Daisy as that which is borne by you?"

Daisy made a mighty effort. She drew her delicately-moulded form erect, and removed the traces of tears from her long, moist lashes. She intended to be cold, and dignified, and stern, and haughty, and altogether imperial.

She turned her face to Mr. Rokeby, and parting her small, tiny lips, she said, in a voice which thrilled every fibre in his frame—

"I am Mark Jarrett's Daisy."

She almost started as the words left her, for she looked upon one who appeared to be the elder brother of the young, handsome man with whom she had been holding such a strange converse.

She was not a little surprised to see an expression, which had all the signs of an intensely agonizing inward spasm, pass over his features, and a bright tear suddenly betray itself in each eyelid, as he instinctively muttered—

"Fay!"

Then he took her hand before she was prepared to withhold it, and said—

"You have been until now the ward of Mark Jarrett, of Mark Jarrett's Grange at Hazlebrook?"

She bent her head assentingly.

"He never communicated to you your paternal name, nor any circumstances connected with your family?" he proceeded, hurriedly, but as if rather conveying to her information than interrogating her.

She sighed heavily. She was unable to repress it, though willingly she would have done so, and then she responded in an angry way for her—

"Mark Jarrett has only revealed to me that he has reared me as one of the means he has employed to secure a great revenge."

"It is so! I knew it! I was sure of it!" exclaimed Mr. Rokeby, in a tone of what sounded like joyous triumph.

He did not release her hand, but gazing steadfastly at her, still with humid eyes, he pursued—

"You have suffered grievous, wicked, inhuman wrong at his hands, but your sore trial is near its end—I hope happy end. Henceforward, until you assume the position which is yours by right, you shall be the ward—the sole charge—the adopted child of Mrs. Rokeby."

"Mrs. Rokeby," echoed Daisy, faintly, and shrank back.

Mr. Rokeby, however, held her fast.

"Of Mrs. Rokeby," he repeated, with emphatic deliberation. "Let me first assure you that it is her unavoidable duty, as it is under present circumstances her indefeasible right. She is, I believe—it has, it is true, still to be proved—as near, and should be almost as dear, to you as any one in the world. I expect to see her return here in a few hours with my son Wil, who has been ill through venturing his life to save another; and when he returns——"

"Your son—Mr. Wilfred Rokeby," interrupted Daisy, with a little scream, as she gazed on the young gentleman whom she had taken to be that individual; "but this——"

She indicated him with her hand, for her voice died away.

"This is my nephew, Mr. Alberic Rokeby, cousin to Wil," responded Mr. Rokeby, releasing her for the moment. "There is a remarkable resemblance between them, and they have been often mistaken for each other."

Daisy blushed a crimson, and her heart absolutely leaped with joy. So it was not Wil after all. She looked at Bertie timidly and anxiously. Why, of course it was not her Wil. How could she so have deceived herself! He was very good-looking indeed, but not quite so good-looking as Wil. No, there was no one in the world so handsome as he.

How she had wronged him too. To think of Wil gibing and jeering, and making her an object to scoff at—why, it was positively wicked of her! How much more she loved him now than ever.

Dear, dear Wil!

But not a hint of this did she let slip out. She only, with brightening eyes, said, addressing Bertie—

"You will understand my stupid mistake. You will comprehend that all the while I meant Mr. Wilfred Rokeby, and you—you—will understand, of course, that I could not have been introduced to you as Miss Vane."

"Clearly," returned Bertie, with a crimsoned face too. "Yet, this explanation notwithstanding, my bewilderment is not cleared up. I was introduced to Miss Vane at the Countess of Rockliffe's; and if you be not Miss Vane, whom in every respect you resemble to positive identity, it was perfectly impossible for me to conceive whom you could be."

"Dear Cousin Bertie," cried a silvery voice, with a harsh ring in it, at the door, "you should have sought me, and I could have cleared up the mystery for you. This Mark Jarrett's Daisy is a miserable imposter. She is the immediate offspring of a wretched hedger and ditcher. Here is my authority, who fortunately knows all, can give you the chapter and the verse, and will prove all that is necessary to have the creature removed from the premises by the police."

The speaker was the fair blonde, Gabrielle, and she introduced to Mr. Rokeby, Colonel Waldron, whose face was colorless and rigid as though he had just coined a supreme lie, and meant to stick to it.

CHAPTER XLIII.

DEAN SECURES AN INTERVIEW WITH TITUS VINK, AND SECURES THAT PORTMANTEAU TOO.

In the back attic of an unsavory-smelling, mean house, moved nimbly to and fro, and full of sanguine speculation, humming, and as busy as a bee, Titus Vink.

The small, dirty window-panes of the circumscribed room gave him the opportunity of inspecting and comparing the multifarious shapes and various conditions of the many-tiled roofs, black and begrimed with soot and continuous bad weather; also the movements of the innumerable lodgers in the respective houses, who drank and fought away their leisure hours in their dingy rooms, many of which accommodated not scrupulously fastidious families of twelve, fourteen, and sometimes eighteen persons.

For these tiles, and chimney-pots, and crowded apartments, Titus Vink, *alias* Ebenezer Smith, had no eyes or reflections. He was only busy on the conversation and rescue of backsliders when there was "money in it." He would sooner have assisted the "falling away" to empty their bottles, pewter mugs, and tobacco-boxes, in the steady pursuit of unambitious luxury, than have employed his breath—never teeming with the odor of lavender-water—in recalling them from gin, beer, and tobacco to a sense of their benighted condition, and the hazardous condition of their souls.

No, there was no such stuff as religious enthusiasm, as he misused the term, in his thoughts. He was bent and intent on the grand *coup* which was to be the making of him—to make him independent of the world, including his "Little Bethel," and smaller shop, which he intended to dispose of to one Brother Slugg—a more pharisaical, canting hypocrite, a more double-dealing, disingenuous, dissembling vagabond, with texts pat on his tongue, than himself—if that could be possible.

He had, as we have seen, safely eluded the pursuit of Odam, and it happened that justice, being in his case a little blinder than usual, permitted his train—an express—to run through to London without stopping. On his way he arranged with himself how he should manage, at his arrival, to pass the barrier without a ticket, and this is how he did it.

As soon as he perceived the train was brought to a standstill, and people were all flocking out in search of their portmanteaus and boxes, and porters were extremely busy in looking after luggage, cabs, and fees, which, with a curious kind of fiction, they are sternly prohibited taking, yet take with a scowl if they do not equal their expectations, and with an innocent guilelessness when up to the mark, apparently not dreaming what you can be dropping into their palms, held artfully down by the trowsers side, as if hung there for want of something better to do, he glided down to the end of the platform, and shot across the rails to where he saw a large board, with the words "Goods Department" painted on it. Again he was fortunate in not being intercepted, but observing a clerk eying him curiously through a window, he walked boldly up to him, and putting on a snuffling drawl, he said, as he shut his eyes and perked his chin in the air—

"Young man, air you a heathing?"

"A what?" interrogated the clerk, looking frowningly at him.

"A heathing, or one of the conwarted?" responded Titus, with the voice of a cat menacing another with mischief.

"What do you mean?" demanded the clerk. What do you want? Look sharp! We've no time to waste here."

"Air you a Keristshen? 'Ave you a soul?" responded Titus, through his nose, and keeping his eyes shut, while he opened his mouth wide, much to the disgust of the young man whom he was addressing. "Have you found—"

"If that's your game," interrupted the clerk, firing up, "you'd better stop it. We want none of that bosh here. If you have no other information to ask, you can take yourself off at once."

"Let me give you a little track," rejoined Titus Vink, placing himself with offensive closeness to the clerk's desk; "a pooty little track! It concerns your mortal welfare. It is called 'A Beam o' Sunshine for the Rotting Blades o' Rank Grass.' On'y a ha'penny."

"Look ye," cried the clerk, jumping down, and backing Titus to the door, "we have got our work to do here, and very short time to do it in. You make 'tracks' by going the nearest way out—there, through those gates where the wagons go. And let me give you this piece of sound advice: if you venture back here on the same errand, half-a-dozen of our porters shall toss you in a tarpauling as high as the roof of that shed there, and that's all of fifty feet from the ground."

Titus Vink shrugged his shoulders to his ears; he raised his eyes to the skies, and lifted up his disengaged hand.

"Woae than a savidge!" he cried, in a lachrymose tone. "A burnin' brand a blazin' away at both hends! A hank o' tarred rope, a lightin' hisself in turps an' rosin, also sulphur an' b'lin' brimstone!"

"Be off, you canting hound," thundered the clerk, wrathfully. "I know what religion is better than you, and respect it a great deal more, I'll take my oath. Be off with you through those gates, or I'll set our mastiff at you."

"Ow! ow! ow! The sinfulness an' wickedness o' these swine with the devil in 'em, a gallopin' down-hill to perdishun!" howled Titus, as if convulsed with affliction: and then, abruptly, as if he supposed the clerk was about to attack him, he cried, with a leap towards those gates, "Ha! would you?"

And off he ran towards the gates. Two porters, perceiving him, moved as if to pursue him; but the clerk, in a voice of thunder, called them back, and so Titus got free of the railway terminus without a ticket, or having paid for his journey to London.

His present lodging was one he sometimes rented, if empty, when a necessity for secret seclusion overtook him, and to it he made direct. As he considered fortunately, he found it vacant, and immediately took possession of it, remaining for a day or two shut up, until he believed that he had diverted from himself all clue, if any had been obtained at the railway station whence he started for the Great Metropolis.

During the interval he kept close, and wrote and despatched his letter to Mr. Rokeby; then he examined the contents of the portmanteau with the two handles.

He had a very great difficulty in picking the lock, yet although it took many hours he had time before him, a large bunch of picklocks of all sizes, and considerable skill. He was, therefore, ultimately successful, and brought to his inspection all the deeds, documents, and papers which Tatchmax's clerk, Odam, had stolen from Mr. Chough Jurgeson. He examined them one by one with an inventory which he found among them, and ascertained that all were there. There was not one paper missing, although some of them were very small.

He walked about the room and sang hymns exultantly, but most profanely. He did not know the meaning of the endorsements on some of the deeds, or comprehend the value of many of the documents, two or three of which were worth a fortune to whoever was entitled to the dispositions they contained to preserve. He, however, did believe that they were of great importance to Mr. Rokeby, and he knew that they were worth nothing to him, except in the market he could make of them, and the best market that could be made he determined to make.

After he had sent his note to Mr. Rokeby it occurred to him that the two-handled portmanteau was rather a conspicuous article, and as he was quite sure that Tatchmax knew himself to be greatly compromised by the robbery of the papers from his clerk, he would move heaven and earth to recover them. To walk abroad with that portmanteau was to run a very great risk of discovery; consequently, after some cogitation, he decided to make up the will, letters, deeds, and other papers into a parcel, and to put into that portmanteau a quantity of valuables he had been for some time, at great inconvenience, and not without trepidation, carrying about in secret pockets.

No sooner did he arrive at this determination than he proceeded to carry it out. He emptied the portmanteau of its contents, and packed them in brown paper. They formed a bundle of large size, and after surrendering himself to the throes of imaginative composition, he wrote in large characters upon the brown paper wrapper the following words:—

"*The close last worn by mi poor lorst sheps bruther as dide raven mad of smorl pox, which tha air too bee disseffated as seen as poserbul.*"

He smiled approvingly to himself as he deposited the bundle in a corner and rubbed his hands.

"Nobody what can read will be in a towerin' hurry to pick up that lot athout droppin' it as if they'd pick'd up a parcel of crawlin' reptiles an' wipers. And now to stow away a few o' the things I made with sech pashens an' parsewerinks. Let me see—let me see!"

He dived down into the deep pocket of his long clerical coat, and produced from it a paper parcel, of rather large dimensions when its hiding-place was considered.

He opened it, and examined the contents more curiously and carefully than he had done when they first came into his possession.

The first that presented themselves were articles of *vertu*, jewelled and enamelled, very costly, and useless really for anything but show. He inspected them carefully, and muttered—

"A lot o' money in 'em, if I could sell 'em as they stands; but they fools as goes mad over these sort o' nick-nacks wants a pedigree with 'em as is required for a 'orse or a jook. If I was to carry any one of 'em to a kewriosity shop dealer, he'd be down on 'em direckly, an' say, 'That was made by a old anshent Grecian Turk afore the flood, thousan' years or more. An' that air was carved by a sculpture of Rome when the world was fust formed out o' nothink.' No, I must do the best I can with 'em—break 'em up, sell the jews to a Jew as I knows, who ain't nasty scrupulous, and the rest will go for old gold."

Then he suddenly laughed, until his sallow face grew livid.

"Twenty pownd," he muttered as he counted so many golden pieces, "all genewine, an' no Hanovers, wictims o' misplaced confidence. They'll have to go into the meltin'-pot too, for every one of 'em is marked, an' has been prigged by some trusty an' confidential servant, who's been settin' suspiseun afoot. 'Got a fortun' to give away to the deservin' poor.' Ha! ha! ha! Well, ain't I Titus Vink, one o' the deservin' poor? Good-by, my yellow drops o' comfort. I'll ha' you made into—into—into a bracelet for my Joyse Poyse Stoke when we goes out for our lark. I've got a sneakin' fondness for that woman; but when I've got fatigewed with her lavish affekshun, I'll give her a dose o' Titus's cordial, as shall make her fancy for a month at least, that the worms is a tearin' her mortal clay to bits for weeks and weeks afore her time 'as come."

Now he lighted on the articles he had filched from Dean, and as he went over them one by one, he muttered to himself—

"Tea-spoons an' table-spoons, silver forks, dessert knives, all on 'em got the Rokeby 'nishals an' crest. Wonder what old Rokeby would stand for 'em. He might have 'em a bargain. Look at these rings and brooches. What a waggerbone! Aha! 'To be taken great care of, as a very good thing' may come of it. Aha! Them's the curiosities and scoveneers, I thinks they calls 'em. I wonder what they refers to. Halloo!"

He crammed all the paper packets and trinkets hurriedly into the portmanteau with two handles, and fastened it with the catch, which he had not had occasion to pick, as he heard a sharp knock on the outside of the panel of his room door. He stood it up in a corner, and started to his feet with his heart up in his mouth, as a second sharp knock was given at the door, and he repeated the word halloo between a whistle, a growl, and a cough.

"Mr. Smith—Mr. Ebenezer Smith," squealed a female voice on the outside, "are you at home?"

"Why?" he asked, in a hoarse voice, as though he had been engaged smuggling in stormy nights for years.

"Because there is a gentleman here as wants to see you."

"What gentleman?" interrogated Titus.

"A gentleman which he says you wrote to him to wait on you an' ask for Ebenezer Smith, number eighteen, Bagnigge Wells-road. Which the address is right you know."

"All right," returned Vink, in his natural tones. "That will do, Mrs. Sharker. I'll come down."

He heard the woman's footsteps descending the stairs, and then, putting his finger to his nose, he mumbled to himself—

"Old Rokeby, I dessay; but birds o' my age ain't twigged wi bird-lime. I'll open the staircase window an' see who it is afore I admits any one into my snuggery here. No-think like bein' sure."

With that he unlocked the door and opened it rapidly. He found himself face to face with Dean, Mr. Rokeby's house-steward, who thrust him violently back into the room, followed him closely, closed the door behind him, put the key swiftly in his pocket, drew from thence a revolver, which he pointed at the skull of the astonished rascal, and said, in a low, determined voice—

"I want a word or two with you, Mr. Vink, on the quiet. I wish to assure you, that knowing you have thus far had the best of me, I mean to get the best of you now, even if it goes to the length of scattering your brains, if you have got any, on yonder wall, unless we can come to perfectly satisfactory terms. I mean, satisfactory to me."

"Murder!" squalled Titus Vink, clenching his hands, and glaring at Dean with a fearfully savage and vindictive expression on his face. "Mur—"

"Silence!" growled Dean, placing the muzzle of his pistol within half a foot of Vink's forehead. "I tell you, dog, I would be hanged for you with felicity. I hunger for the pleasure. Don't compel me to give way to luxury. Cry out murder again, and you will be a dead man the next moment."

The expression on the face of Titus when he perceived that Dean was in terrible earnest, would have been intensely indicrous if it had not been so hideous. The yawning muzzle of the revolver, probably with a hair-trigger, so close to his skull, and held with an unsteady hand, was a danger beyond his power to face with even a show of courage, and he sat abruptly drown on his heels, and gasped out, as he thrust forward with a desperate effort his trembling hand—

"What, Muster Dean? What, Squire Dean! What Gelman Dean as cured my collict. Oh my! Well, now, who would ha' thought o' seein' my king o' large 'arts, Mr. Sir Squire Rokeby's Gelman Dean?"

"Not you, you hypocritical thief, I will be sworn," returned Dean, with grating teeth. "Not you, you filching, petty-larceny hound. Where are all the precious articles you stole from my desk and drawers at Fairholme Priors? Where are they, you canting abomination and sneaking plunderer—where are they? Disgorge, or I'll take the price of them out in blood and brains."

"Oh, Squire Dean! Oh, my Lord Dean!" he whined, affecting to weep. "This to me, a shepherd o' the fold. A humble follerer—"

"Of thievery, priggery, swindlery, robbery, cantery, cheatery, villainy of every kind," interrupted Dean, passionately. "Where is my property, you black counterfeit, you humbug, you sham, you utter rascal? Where is my property? Speak—for unless you disgorge, you have but a few minutes to live."

Titus wondered in his own mind whether that pistol was loaded—really loaded with powder and ball; if not—if it were only an empty weapon held to his head merely to terrify him—he would make use of a huge club stick which stood close at hand, and beat out his unexpected visitor's brains with it, instead of parting with his own. If he could only ascertain for certain!

Dean, who with inflamed eyes was perusing his features, interpreted the expression of his shifting, restless examination of the pistol; and as quick as thought changed the direction of the muzzle to within two inches of the ear of Titus Vink. Then he pulled the trigger, and the pistol was discharged with a sharp crack. The bullet went through a small looking-glass hanging against a wall, and shivered it into a thousand pieces, and Titus dropped down on all fours, with his face to the floor.

"Are you satisfied, you nibbling rat," cried Dean, kicking him with the toe of his boot. "Sit up! This is a six-shooter, and I have five bullets left—one for each limb, and the last for your ugly frontispiece. Sit up."

With that he gave him a second kick with sufficient force to make the miserable rascal again assume a kneeling position.

"My property!" repeated the superior rascal. "Where is it? Bring it all out!"

"Your property!" gasped Titus, with tears in his eyes. "Well, I won't deceive you, Squire Dean.

"You had better not," interjected Dean, rather suggestively.

"Well, I must say I did, by accidence, pick up a thing or two belonging to Mr. Rokeby—leastways they had 'nishals an' crest on 'em, and—"

"They were my perquisites—old, useless things, given to me when they were replaced with new ones," interrupted Dean, with an oath. "Where are they?"

"I did think o' talkin' to Mr. Sir Squire Rokeby about 'em," pursued Titus, hanging his head down with affected guilelessness; but—"

"I would have whipped you to death with nettles if you had," roared Dean, interposing. "Where are they?"

"Not here, Squire and Gentleman Dean," snivelled Titus, yearning for a chance to stab him in the back; "not here, my generous, open-'arted feriend; but they are safe—quite safe—at Raspham-cum-Ranthall, where you know I've a habitation, a numble an' peaceful shed. I'll be off at once, an' fetch 'em for you," he added, with a sudden dash at the door.

"No you don't," responded Dean, interposing his person between him and it; "not quite. Understand, my prince of vagabonds, I have not half done with you yet. We will let the proceeds of that robbery remain where they are at present; but there is another bit of stealing of which you have been guilty, and the proceeds of which I know as well as you do to be of very great value."

"Never stole a thing in my life, I take the name of the Lord to witness," cried Titus, with affected vehemence. "Oh my, Squire Dean! Oh my! Oh, fie, Mr. Gentleman Dean!"

"That won't do for me," persisted Dean, menacingly. "You have them. I saw your note to Mr. Rokeby, fool, else how could I have unearthed you? You have stolen the will, title-deeds, and other documents of the late Earl of Templecombe. Where are they? Bring them out, or prepare for the consequences."

"You saw my little piece of faithful honesty to Sir Squire Rokeby, did you?" muttered Titus, with an acrimonious gulp.

"I did," replied Dean.

"Then, o'course, you've brought me the thowsing pownds to buy the robber over with, eh?" he demanded, quickly.

"I have brought this," responded Dean, touching the forehead of Vink with the nozzle of the pistol, so that he shrank crouching back with a quiver of horror. "I want, also, some information from you; but that must wait, and until I have got those papers. Give them up at once."

"Hav'n't got 'em—never saw 'em, I swear!" exclaimed Titus, extending his clasped hands upwards. "Search me."

"No," returned Dean, with a short, fierce laugh. "I'll search the room, and if you try to get out of the room until I have turned every hole and corner inside out, I'll wing you as I would a wild duck."

He instantly, with his pistol directed to Titus, began to examine the contents of the room; and the first thing he lighted on was the bundle of papers of which he was in search. He caught it up, but on reading the superscription, he threw it away with a cry of loathing and disgust.

"Why, you beast," he ejaculated with a shudder, "you ought to have burnt them long ago."

Even while he spoke, his eyes fastened on the portmanteau with two handles—a square, brown portmanteau. He instantly recognized Joyse Stoke's description of it. He made a dart at it, and seized it in triumph.

"This is what I want," he cried, leveling his pistol once more at Titus Vink, who affected greater terror than he had actually shown before. "Attempt to follow me one step beyond the threshold of the door, and ask mercy of God, for I will have none upon you."

With that, he unlocked the door quickly, closed it behind him with a bang, raced down the stairs, and so out of the house.

Titus Vink grinned like a panther as he heard him hurrying down the stairs.

"He may have they things while I has the smorl-pox wallybles," he muttered, guttarally. "I'll call arter him and tell him so."

He, too, bounded down the stairs, and stopping at the staircase window of the first flight, stretched out his neck to see which way Dean had taken.

He did not see him, but, below, he beheld the clerk of Tatchmax, Odam, who at once caught sight of him, and uttered a joyful cry of recognition.

Titus Vink fell back gasping, utterly petrified.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A party of fishermen, near Charleston, caught a swordfish nearly fifteen feet in length, with a sword having fifty-two teeth.

☞ A detailed statement of all the divorces granted by the different county courts in Indiana last year, lately made, gives a total of six hundred and forty-three.

☞ An old maid suggests that when men break their hearts it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts immediately and grows in its place.

☞ A New Orleans editor said he counted 173 alligators in a sail of six miles along a bayou. That editor had probably taken too much Mississippi water, and sailed around the same alligator 173 times.

☞ A few days since one of our popular attorneys called upon another member of the profession, and asked his opinion upon a certain point of law. The lawyer to whom the question was addressed, drew himself up and said: "I generally get paid for telling what I know." The questioner drew a half a dollar "fractional" from his pocket, handed it to the other, and coolly remarked; "Tell me all you know and give me the change." There is coldness between the parties now.

HOW HE ESCAPED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE M. VICKERS.

Fifteen years ago I was employed by a certain Telegraph Company as one of its messengers. I was very young—in fact, a mere boy—inexperienced in the ways of the world, and girlishly tender-hearted. This I say in extenuation of the part I played in the narrative I am about to relate, and which happened, as near as I can remember, as follows:

It was a rainy Saturday night, late in the month of October. I had delivered an unusual number of messages during the day, and was quite tired out; besides, my clothes were wet and bespattered with mud, and I rejoiced when the delivery clerk called out my number for my final errand, after which I was at liberty to go home and rest my aching limbs.

There were but two dispatches; one for the St. —— Hotel, and the other for the special detective at the railroad depot. After carefully placing them in my pocket, and buttoning up my jacket, I bade good-night to the other boys in the office, and hurried out into the street. It was past nine o'clock, and much colder than it had been an hour earlier. The wind had shifted from the rainy quarter and was blowing in strong gusts from the north-west. The clouds were breaking away, and now and then a star would peep out from a rift only to disappear again behind the flying scud.

Somehow the keen night air seemed to invigorate me, and when I entered the office of the St. —— Hotel, and handed the dispatch bearing the address of that establishment to the book-keeper, I not only felt fresh, but was painfully aware of a gnawing sensation about my middle. In truth, I was hungry—not having had my supper—and having my week's wages in my pocket, and knowing that John C——, the special detective, would remain at the depot until after the arrival of the eleven-thirty train, I resolved to slip down into the restaurant, which was in the basement of the hotel, and treat myself to an oyster stew, which I immediately did. While sitting on a high stool at the eating-bar, quietly emptying my plate, and pocketing a cracker every time the bartender turned his face in another direction from where I sat, a hackman with whom I was on friendly terms, and who had often given me a free ride, tapped me on the shoulder, and inquired in a jesting manner what I was trying to do with the soup.

"Eat it, of course," I replied; "don't you see that I am, Tom?"

"Well," he continued, "I suppose you are done work until Monday morning, little Telegraph, and I wish I could say the same, for the way I've been drivin' my team through the rain to-day is enough to give old Neptune the rheumatiz; and I'm not done yet, nor won't be neither till long after midnight. This business is a killing me, and I've been a goin' to quit these five years, but a feller must live, yer know."

To the concluding part of the hackman's remarks, as soon as I had swallowed the oyster which I had saved to top off with, I readily assented, but corrected his mistaken idea as to my being done work for the day by pulling out my book and showing him the remaining dispatch, assuring him that until I had delivered it at the railway depot—some two miles distant—my day's labor would not be finished.

"The depot!" he exclaimed, "why, bless yer stars, my little man, I have a fare"—here he checked himself, and after looking about to see if any one was near enough to have overheard him, and being satisfied that there was not, resumed, in a lower tone, "I have a fare, and a curious one it is, to take to the depot, not exactly there neither, but half a block this side of it, where I am to wait until a gentleman comes, who, together with the sad-looking little lady who has engaged me, I am to take to such place as she may then tell me. One of the porters came to me at the stand about an hour ago and told me he had a job for me—'jump in,' said I, 'and I'll trot yer round in short order'—but he refused, and informed me that the lady who had sent him wanted to see me in her private apartments at the hotel, at the same time handing me a small card, on which was written,

Mrs. G——,
Room 28,
St. —— Hotel.

After I had taken it and read it, the porter said he would mind my horses until I returned; so seizing my umbrella, which lay on the floor of the old cab—for it was raining—I tells the chap to sit inside, promising him that I would not be gone more than a few minutes, and away I started for the St. —— Hotel which I soon reached. After showing the card to the clerk, I was in turn shown to 'No. 28' on the second floor, where I was left to announce myself at my leisure. For a moment I hesitated, but plucking up courage I gave a light tap against the door with the handle of my umbrella, and after waiting a couple of minutes without receiving any answer, I knocked again, and was instantly greeted by the crying of an infant, which, I suppose, was startled out of its sleep by the racket I made. Then I heard a rustling of garments, and a low 'there, now, pet,' which quieted the child, and presently the door was opened by the solemn looking lady I was telling you had hired me. I told her I was the cab driver she had sent for, and would be pleased to know her wishes. She took the card that I was a holdin' in my hand, and after looking at me in a half frightened, suspicious kind of way, said she would employ me; and then, in a sorrowful voice, which went right to my heart, I don't know why, gave me my instructions, and begging of me not to mention it to anybody, named half-past ten as the time she would start."

Calling his attention to the clock which hung on the wall behind the bar, I informed him that it was twenty minutes past ten. He then moved off towards the steps leading up the sidewalk, motioning me to follow him. On reaching the street we found the horses, which were both old "plugs," standing quietly, while the old cab, by the gas-light, fresh from its recent washing in the rain, shone like a new one. I sprang up on the driver's seat and took the blankets from him as he removed them from his horses' backs. I had not occupied my perch more than five or six minutes when there came out from the ladies' entrance of the hotel a female attired in black, or very dark clothes. She wore furs, and carried in her arms what appeared to be an infant closely wrapped in a shawl. Behind her came a porter bearing a travelling bag. The hackman looked up, and in an undertone informed me that it was his fare, at the same time opening the carriage door and letting down the steps. The lady was just in the act of stepping into the vehicle when she suddenly looked up at me, and stopped short with one foot on the stepping block and the other on the cab step. I returned her gaze. The light from the gas lamps on either side of the hotel door shone full in my face, but as she stood with her back towards them, I was at the time unable to distinguish her features. She had evidently noticed the gold lettering on the front of my cap, and as I was bundled up in one of the horse blankets, was puzzled as to who and what I was. Her hesitation was of but a moment's duration. Turning to the driver, she asked in a tremulous tone,

"Is that officer to accompany us?"

The hackman looked around; there was not a soul in sight save some pedestrians who were hurrying along the street, and myself. The porter had re-entered the hotel. Suddenly remembering that the lady was standing in the chilly wind waiting for an answer to her question, he stammered forth—

"W—what officer?"

She replied by motioning with her head towards where I sat.

"That—ha! ha! him—why that's only a telegraph boy, goin' to the depot with a dispatch; poor little fellow, he's tired, and I've promised to give him a lift as far as we go." Then requesting me to hand down my cap he showed her the words "Telegraph Messenger," which were worked on the front of it in gold letters, as before intimated.

A new thought seemed to enter her mind, for she asked me to get down, and on my reaching the pavement informed me that she had no objection to my riding with her, provided I would take a seat inside. At first I felt timid, but thinking of the long distance and the growing lateness, I, at length consented. So we entered; the travelling-bag was placed on the floor between us, the steps put up, and the door shut to with a loud noise. The driver jumped on the box, seized the lines, and away we sped as fast as the old nags could go. We rode about three blocks without exchanging a word, during which time I had an opportunity of observing her closely by the light from the store windows on either side of the street. She seemed to be about twenty-two years of age; her eyes were large and lustrous, and appeared to be black—but I was unable to determine their exact color, owing to the circumstances under which I beheld them. Her hair was of the same hue; she was very pale, and wore an anxious, melancholy look. I thought she was beautiful. At length she broke the silence by asking me, in an agitated manner, to whom the dispatch was directed.

On my informing her, she uttered a low cry and caught me by the arm. This filled me with terror, and springing to my feet, I was about to yell out for Tom to stop the cab, when she begged me in such a woeful, imploring way to sit down again, that I at once did as she desired, feeling heartily ashamed of my cowardice.

"I do not wish to alarm you," said she, at the same time changing her seat to the one beside me, "neither do I desire to harm you, on the contrary, if you will but grant me a favor, this shall be yours," and she held up between her gloved thumb and fore-finger, a coin.

To this I replied that I should like to earn the money, but must first know what I was expected to do to merit it, and was surprised when she said, "By permitting me to open and read the message which you have in your possession." I indignantly refused, and all thoughts of making the proffered money by such disreputable means, instantly vanished from my mind. No! I had served the telegraph company faithfully ever since I had been in its employ, and I felt proud as I instinctively placed my hand on my book and felt that the contents were safe. We were now within less than a mile of the depot, and were passing through a street in which there were private dwellings, but no stores. It was at this juncture that she began pleading and explaining in a manner that not only made me cry, but won my entire sympathies in her behalf.

She told me "that she was trying to rescue her husband from the bloodhounds of the law; that he was as innocent of crime as the child which lay sleeping in her arms. That she had been courted by a man on whose estate her father lived, but she never liked him, and when he asked her to become his wife, she refused him. This was three years ago. He was very wealthy, and dealt largely in lumber. Among the clerks employed in his counting-house was her husband, who had been recently promoted to the highest post of trust in the lumber merchant's office, but, only that he might the more readily fall into the trap which his employer had so cunningly set for him. Her husband had access to the fire-proof safe, and also carried a duplicate key to the same. One morning when the office was opened, the safe door was found ajar—a large sum of money had been stolen during the night. Her husband was—at the instigation of the proprietor—arrested on suspicion of having committed the theft. Then came the trial—the verdict of guilty—and last of all the dread sentence—five years at hard labor, all by the testimony of perjured witnesses, who had been suborned by her old would-be lover. This was his revenge."

Pausing for a moment to calm her emotion, she continued, "But, my husband, by the aid of some friends who believed him to be innocent, broke jail on the night of the day on which he was sentenced. I joined him on the outskirts of the village, and with my babe and several hundred dollars, bade farewell to our little home, perhaps forever. We were tracked from city to city. By the country roads we met with many obstacles. It became evident, in order to escape detection, that we must separate, which we did, in this city, two weeks ago. I have been staying at the St. —— Hotel in the hope of finding a place of refuge for myself and husband. Such a place I have found and secured. I wrote him a letter four days ago urging him to come to me. This morning I received an answer. He was closely pressed, but would risk all to be with his loved ones. He comes to-night in the half-past eleven o'clock express. Oh, Heaven!" she exclaimed, "what else can that message be but an order to intercept him." I was so overcome by what she had been telling me, that for an instant I was bewildered at her second allusion to the telegram; but only for a moment. I understood her meaning; it flashed through my mind like lightning. Suppose, thought I, they would arrest me for helping this woman's husband to elude his pursuers—perhaps she had lied to me—he might be a murderer for aught I knew. I was thus reasoning, when she gave a sob which awoke the child, and it too began to wail plaintively. This was enough. I jerked the book out of my breast-pocket, and in my eagerness to give her the message, thrust it in her face. She grasped it, and immediately called to the driver and ordered him to stop at the first street-lamp we came to, and when we had stopped before one, she tore open the envelope and read: "N—— K——, October 29. John C——, Special Detective, Railway Depot.—Arrest and hold for orders. Man five feet eight inches; blue eyes! brown curly hair; black clothes. Fugitive from justice. Signed, Chief of Police." "My husband! My husband!" she cried, "For God's sake, boy, do not deliver this!" I took the dispatch and read it, and on the impulse of the moment tore it into small pieces, and threw them out of the cab window. We at length arrived at the place agreed upon, and had waited some twenty minutes, when the deep, deep, of the locomotive bell told us the train had come. Five minutes later, and a handsome-looking man stepped up to the hack and asked in a clear voice, "Is this carriage engaged?" "Get in, darling; be quick," was the answer given to his inquiry. He did get in, and nearly crushed me in doing so, not having noticed me until he had sat down in my lap. As the old hack rolled away, she related to him how, by a miracle, he had been saved. They both kissed me. He slipped a five-dollar gold piece into my hand, and when the hack was stopped at my request, both with one voice said "God bless you," as I sprang into the street. I never saw them again. Sunday morning, as soon as the telegraph office was opened, I reported to the clerk that I had lost the message, and was reprimanded for my carelessness."

A PRESENTIMENT.

You praise me with a lover's praise,
My ready smile, my winsome ways,
You lavish kiss and fond caress
On snowy brow and sunny tress;
Our hearts, you say, will ne'er grow cold,
But closer cling as we grow old—
Grow old!

You count the years that you and I
Will watch the summer days go by,
And when our fields are turning brown,
And age like night comes softly down,
Fond lips and hearts, that love makes bold,
Will brighten life as we grow old—
Grow old!

And, all the while, you talk to me,
I hear an inward prophecy,
That tells me that, ere a year has flown,
Each will go on his way alone,
I shall not feel your clinging hold,
Nor you my faltering steps uphold—
As we grow old!

'Tis not that time will coldness bring
To lips that kiss and arms that cling;
You will not seek love's sweet replies
In other lips and other eyes;
My heart its loyalty will hold,
But, darling, I shall not grow old—
Grow old!

And when your tears are falling fast
Upon a brow whose pain is past,
When all your loving words are vain
To win one answering smile again,
Take then one sunny tress of gold,
Remembering love can ne'er grow old—
Grow old!

HER ANSWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Dick stood on the shore and watched Dora Selwyn climb the cliff, an odd little feeling at his heart.

Ever since he could remember he had loved Dora. They had been schoolmates together, and he had got into more scrapes on account of her than anything else he could think of. He had always constituted himself her champion and knight, and couldn't remember the time when he hadn't called her his "little wife."

But Dick's love, like other cases of "true love," didn't run just as smooth as he could have wished it to.

Dora had got into a habit of late of tantalizing him; probably because she knew she could, and she liked to show her power.

Ever since they had been at the sea-side she had kept him in torment by flirting outrageously with Will Danvers, who hadn't half brains enough to see that she was making sport of him. Dick knew she didn't care anything for Danvers, but he didn't like to see the woman he meant to marry acting as Dora did. It didn't look well.

But whenever he ventured to remonstrate with her on the subject, she got angry, or pretended to, at least, and poor Dick could not get the least satisfaction in reasoning the case with her. She was provoking, and she knew she could tease him, and liked to.

"I wish I could get her to answer me one question fairly and squarely," said Dick, thoughtfully looking up the cliffs, when her scarlet scarf fluttered in the wind. "If she *does* care for me why can't she say so, and if she *doesn't* why can't she say so? I'm sure I've asked her often enough, but she'll evade any direct reply. I wish I could tantalize her for a day or two as she does me."

Dick wandered about forlornly for an hour or two, and then began to ascend the cliff.

"Dear me! how you scared me!" she cried, with a start which was a good imitation of the genuine article, since she had seen him coming up the cliff all the time.

"I'm sorry if I frightened you," he said. "You have been reading, haven't you?"

"Yes," she said, absently. "I wish you would sit a little further off, Mr. Kent. I'm afraid you'll muss my dress."

"Mr. Kent!" Dick repeated the name after her scornfully.

"Yes, Mr. Kent," answered Dora, with a twinkle of fun in her eyes. "I forgot that *boys* don't like to be called Mr., though. Please excuse me. I'll call you Dicky, if that suits you better."

Dick groaned.

"Why can't you leave off teasing me?" he asked. "I don't tantalize you, do I?"

"Oh no," answered Dora. "Mr. Danvers gave me this book. Isn't it pretty?"

"*I* don't think so," answered Dick. "It looks about as empty as his head!"

"I'd thank you to speak a little more respectfully of my friends," said Dora, frigidly.

"Your friends!" said Dick sarcastically. "I suppose Will Danvers is a *very dear* one, isn't he?"

"He doesn't talk about you behind your back, at any rate," said Dora.

"Come now," pleaded Dick. "Let's not quarrel. I came up on purpose to ask you a question, and I want you to say yes or no to it. I can't stand this suspense much longer."

"I thought you looked poorly of late," said Dora, with motherly solicitude in her tones. "Do you take anything?"

"Don't!" exclaimed Dick, vehemently. "Don't make fun of me, if you won't talk seriously. I can't act like a saint."

"I didn't suppose you could," laughed Dora.

"Then answer me the question I asked you the other day."

"Which one? You asked me so many I can't remember any one in particular. Oh I think I know now—what colored neck-tie I thought you looked most stylish in. Well, following out the fashion of shades, as we women have them in our dresses, I should say a pink would harmonize with your moustache."

"Dora," said Dick, solemnly, "I've half a mind to go away and never come back again. You'd be glad to see me, if I should, I guess."

"Wait till I tell you so," she laughed.

"I believe I *will* go away," said poor Dick. "You'll regret using me so when I'm gone, and wish I was back."

"When I tell you I'm glad to have you back, why—I'll—I'll—"

"Accept anything I bring you," asked Dick, eagerly.

"Yes, when I tell you I'm glad to see you back, I'll accept anything you bring me," said Dora.

"It's a compact," said Dick. "I'll go away to-morrow. But I wish you'd answer me that question, Dora."

"I *have* answered *one* question," she said. "I can't remember what other one you asked me."

"You know what I mean," said Dick. "Can't you tell me whether you love me or not?"

"I don't think I can," answered Dora. "Isn't that Mr. Danvers on the beach? Just call him, won't you?"

"No, I won't," said Dick savagely, and stalked away.

Half an hour later Dora saw him rowing out across the bay in a little skiff, and smiled.

Pretty soon the wind began to blow furiously, and Dora went back to the hotel. Night shut down dark and gloomy, and the storm grew into a hurricane.

"There'll be lives lost to night, I'm afraid," some one said, in Dora's hearing, and straightway she thought of Dick. He had not come back yet. What if he should be drowned?

Dora did not sleep a wink that night. She was up early in the morning. No one had seen Dick; no one knew anything about him.

In the course of the morning some one found the boat he had gone out in lying battered and broken on the shore, at the foot of the cliffs, and the idea that he had been drowned in the storm got abroad, and gained general credence.

Poor Dora! She accused herself harshly with being the cause of poor Dick's death. If she hadn't been so provoking and teased him so he wouldn't have gone away.

She went down to the shore and paced up and down, half expecting to see his body cast ashore at her feet.

A step came behind her. She turned.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried. "*Is* it you, and are you really alive? I'm *so* glad to see you! I thought you were drowned."

"Not a bit of it," answered Dick, "I went over to the island, and a steamboat came along, and I got on and went to town, and have just got back to find everybody lamenting my death. Dora"—solemnly, "you know you said yesterday you'd accept whatever I brought you, when you said you were glad to see me. You've just said you were glad, and now you've got to do as you agreed."

"Well, what have you brought?" asked Dora, red as a rose.

"Myself," answered Dick, "and you've got to take me."

"Well, I 'spose I have," she answered, "not because I *want* you, but *just to keep my word!*" And Dick was satisfied at last.

(From the New York Times.)

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

The International Convention, now being held in London, is an exceedingly interesting assemblage. Its object—that of considering the best means of preventing and repressing crime—is one the importance of which needs no comment. That the men who compose this body will be faithful and earnest in the execution of their trust, there is no manner of doubt; and it is equally certain that they will bring to bear upon the subject an amount of thought and knowledge which will render their deliberations of incalculable value to the interests of civilization and humanity. Among the prominent points of discussion will undoubtedly be the relative merits of the "silent" and the "separate," or as they are perhaps more familiarly known, the "Auburn" and the "Pennsylvania" systems of prison discipline. The former of these, as is well known, is that which prevails in this state. We propose in this article to speak of the latter.

The Pennsylvania system, like the other, was designed as a remedy for certain fearful evils which prevailed in prisons. It was formerly the uniform custom to huddle together, in large apartments, convicts of all ages and of every different shade of immorality. Except the separation of the sexes, there was little attempt at classification of any kind. The old and practiced villain was associated with the youth who, perhaps, had been led, by sudden impulse or artful associates, into the offence that sent him there. A prison, therefore, was a horribly instructive school of crime, and a most efficient stimulant of the very evils it was designed to repress.

The Pennsylvania system is not, in the strictest sense of the words, one of solitary confinement. The prisoner sees frequently the chaplain, the officers of the prison, the physician when necessary, and sometimes visitors. But all these together would not, in most cases, occupy an average of over a few minutes a day. The rest of his time is spent alone. And it is this being alone that constitutes the peculiar severity of his punishment. In other respects, he is quite as well off as a convict in our New York State prisons, and in some things a good deal better off. His work is no harder, and commonly not so hard. His rations are about the same, and his cell is a great deal larger, and in every way more comfortable. The fact that the convict is alone, renders the restraint or prevention of refractory conduct by mild and forbearing treatment far more practicable. But, notwithstanding all these advantages to the prisoner, the punishment is generally regarded as a much harder one than that of the "silent system;" and the correctness of this view is shown in a very practical and conclusive manner by the comparative shortness of the sentences. Two years in the Pennsylvania penitentiaries is generally considered equal to five in our own. This is, we believe, about the difference made by the statutes and the courts of the two states and these laws and decisions are founded, not on mere theory, but are the results of experience as to the relative degree of dread with which the two methods are looked upon by criminals.

The great severity of the "separate system" is one of the strong arguments urged against it. The punishment, it is contended, is a cruel one, and forbidden by the dictates of ordinary humanity. How far this objection is just is a point upon which we cannot undertake to express an opinion. That the suffering inflicted is very great there can be no doubt. But all punishment implies suffering. There is a heart-sickening amount of distress in the penitentiaries of our own State, and we are not quite sure that, taking the greater length of the sentences into consideration, it is much less with a given number of prisoners than in the Pennsylvania penitentiaries. Ten years in the latter would, indeed, be a harder punishment than ten in the former. But the comparison is to be made not between ten years in one and ten in the other, but between four in the Pennsylvania prisons and ten in ours; and this difference in time would certainly be a most material consideration.

It is very strongly urged against the "separate system" that cases of insanity are more frequent under its operation than under the "silent system." On the other hand, this statement is disputed by the advocates of the "separate system;" but as far as we have been able to judge, they are not very successful in maintaining their ground. If there really is, in this respect, a difference unfavorable to the Pennsylvania system, it is most certainly an exceedingly serious argument against it.

There is one disadvantage in the "seperate system" about which there can be no question. It is decidedly more expensive. The first cost of the buildings is at least three or four times as great, and the maintenance of the inmates far less economical. Besides this, the labor of the convicts pays much more poorly. We are speaking now on the supposition that things are honestly and judiciously managed in both cases. How they would compare with each other if one were conducted in this way and the other not, depends, of course, upon circumstances.

A very important point in reference to this subject, and one applicable not only to prison discipline, but many other things, is the consideration that a great deal less depends on systems, and a great deal more on the manner in which systems are carried out, than most people think. We hope, therefore, that whatever view the Convention of which we have spoken may take of the relative merits of the "separate" and the "silent" forms of management, they will make a decided and earnest appeal in reference to the appointment of suitable men to have charge of the convicts. After the experience of many years, and very much thoughtful and earnest discussion, there is still an honest difference of opinion among well-informed and candid men as to which of the two systems is to be preferred. But there is not the slightest shade of any such difference in regard to the manner of carrying into operation whichever system is selected.

(From the Philadelphia Ledger, Monday, July 8.)

A WEEK'S MORTALITY.

The unprecedented volume of five full columns of funeral notices in the Ledger of Saturday, told the sorrowful story of death and mourning caused by the torrid heat of last week. The list embraced an unusual proportion of the extremely old and of the tenderest infants, and also a considerable proportion (sad to contemplate) of working men who were apparently in the vigor of life until struck down at their labors by the severity of the heat. We hope it may be a long time before the necessity shall again arise for the publication of such a sad register of deaths. Those who read it were to some extent prepared for the large mortality list published by the Board of Health, showing seven hundred and forty-six deaths in this city for the week ending Saturday at noon. This, we believe, is the heaviest mortality Philadelphia has ever known. The first noticeable feature in the list is the enormous proportion of young children and infants; of the seven hundred and forty-six deaths reported, no less than five hundred and twelve were children under five years of age, and of these four hundred and seventy-six were under two years, and, of these last, three hundred and eighty-eight were under one year. This presents a fearful catalogue. The diseases which cut short most of these young lives were "cholera infantum," of which there were 274 fatal cases, "congestion" and "inflammation" of the brain, 34; "convulsions," 34; "marasmus," 32; "inflammation of the bowels," 17; "debility," 16; "diarrhœa," 14; "scarlet fever," 9; "measles," 9; "inanition," 6. The total mortality of these diseases among young children was 445 for the one week. The same diseases caused the death of only 28 adults. In the adult column, leaving out the deaths from consumption (42) the heaviest figures are as follows: "old age," 20; "sunstroke," 15; "disease of the heart," 13, "debility," 12; "cholera morbus," 11; "congestion of the brain," 6; "palsy," 6. It needs but a glance at this portion of the mortality list to notice how peculiarly susceptible are the maladies named to aggravation by severe heat. Fourteen of the deaths in the adult list were of persons between eighty and one hundred years old, and twenty-two others were of persons between seventy and eighty. A single death is reported from "cholera," a circumstance that should not escape the attentive consideration of either the Health Board or the public.

A close examination of the whole of this table of one week's mortality, so extraordinary for Philadelphia, can hardly fail to impress upon all minds the fact that excessive heat operates with fearful effect upon all persons of feeble vitality—upon the aged whose vitality has become exhausted by length of years; upon very young infants in whom it is scarcely developed; upon those in whom it has been reduced by disease, and upon such as have impaired their vital strength by dissipation and "irregularities" in their ways of living. There is still another class—those whose vital energies are *temporarily* run down by exhausting labors, either of body or mind, during periods of excessive heat like that of last week. All who are subject to such exposure should be more just to themselves. It is not at all unlikely that we may have other periods of torrid heat within the coming two months, and at such times, it should be borne in mind, that exhausting work, whether physical or mental, is but little else than inviting one's own death. Working men and women, employers—all—should remember at such times the sad record of the week just closed.

One, at least, of our sister cities has suffered still worse than ourselves. The week's mortality in New York shows a total of fifteen hundred and sixty-seven. This is more than a hundred per cent. greater than ours, with only about forty per cent. more population. When the returns shall have been received from the whole area over which the extreme heat was operating, we fear the excess of mortality will show an aggregate that will equal a whole season of severe epidemic disease.

A WEST POINT SUPPER.

Notwithstanding the U. S. Cadets at West Point are kept under the strictest rules, the wild boys occasionally break them, forgetting the demerit marks sure to follow. One who has been there writes:

Amusements were indulged in, involving the violation of some regulation. The most harmless of these was "The Hash,"—a midnight feast at the quarters of one of the cadets. After "taps," all the lights being out, the participants would steal in one after the other, when, the outer and the transom windows having been darkened by blankets, the gas was again lighted. Then from under the bodies and capes and out of the sleeves of overcoats came bread and butter, and meat and potatoes, pepper and salt, knives, forks, dishes and spoons, which those who were invited to the "hash" had "hived" from the mess-hall at dinner time; and up the chimney, away from the eyes of prying officers, a gas cooking stove had been hid. The wash-bowl served for mixing the viands in before putting them in a cooking pan, while the "guests" prepared the bread and butter for the feast. The lightest foot-fall on the stairs would scatter the feasters. Out would go the lights, and out would go the "guests" in stockened feet, helter skelter to their rooms, leaving the "host" and his roommate to dispose of the remains of the "hash," the crockery and tobacco smoke as best they might. The officer, with bull's eye lantern in hand, always found these innocent ones in bed, soundly sleeping—hard to wake—ignorant of all that had happened. But they were sure to hear their names read out at the evening parade in connection with "Cooking in quarters after Taps," and "Tobacco smoke in quarters after Taps."

QUEER CATS.

The Nashville Union and American tells this story:—

"A young lady friend of ours, who is not an old maid nor ever will be, provided our feelings are—well—respected, has three educated cats, whose trained instincts render them interesting animals. One of these cats will, when she hears the door-bell ring, run to the room of the young lady, and indulge in various gymnastics, such as arching its back and turning somersaults, apparently expressing a knowledge of the enjoyment she must feel upon 'receiving a call.' Upon one occasion the young lady went driving, when the cat followed the buggy as far as the outskirts of the city, when it was invited to and given a seat in the vehicle. One of the other cats, a William Varden, awakes his mistress at a certain hour—before ten o'clock—every morning, and it is dangerous for a servant or any member of the family to enter the room before this time. When a lady calls and William sees her, he immediately goes in search of his mistress, bouncing up stairs and through every room till he finds her, when he seizes her with his teeth. Should a gentleman call, this cat finds his mistress and makes such known by mewing only. The third cat, which is much younger than the rest, takes great interest in music, and goes into various antics when any one plays on the piano. When there is vocal music this cat very often prances about the floor, and occasionally joins in the chorus. Being rather hypochondriac, this cat likes mourning music, the sad strains of which usually cause the animal to crouch on the floor, where it remains as if in deep sympathy with the melody. The principal and certainly the most useful, if not beautiful, habit of these cats is catching mice and chasing rats. Their owner resides on North-Summer street, and it is said the cats came from Spain."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The National Democratic Convention concluded its labors on the 10th of July, by the adoption of the Cincinnati platform, and the nomination of the Cincinnati candidates. Horace Greeley was nominated for President on the first ballot, he receiving 686 votes to 21 for Black, 16 for Bayard, 2 for Groesbeck, and 7 blanks. B. Gratz Brown was nominated for Vice President on the first ballot, getting 713 votes to 6 for Stevenson and 13 blanks. On motion the votes were made unanimous, there being in the case of Greeley, however, "one or two dissents."

The Democrats opposed to the nominations at Baltimore met again July 10, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty being present, adopted an address to the Democracy opposing the action of the National Convention, and adjourned to meet in Louisville on September 1st.

It is stated that the Boston Jubilee has resulted in a financial loss, and that the expenses have exceeded the receipts by $150,000. The loss is covered by the subscribers to the guaranty fund, and the sum will probably be diminished by the sale of the Coliseum and fixtures, and by a series of benefit concerts which it has been proposed to give. The result would seem to indicate that beyond a certain limit, monster concerts cannot be given with any safety as regards pecuniary success. On the fourth of July a heavy thunder storm passed over Boston at the time the Coliseum was filled with spectators. Heavy clouds of dust were blown into the building before the doors could be closed, and this, together with the noise of the storm, breaking of windows, and the falling of a piece of wood from one of the ventilators, threw the audience into a momentary panic, and caused a general rush for the doors, amid the shouts of men and the screams of fainting women. Dan Godfrey was leading the orchestra, which was performing a selection from Zampa, and directly the panic commenced, stopped Zampa, and struck up the Star-Spangled Banner. This appeared to almost immediately reassure the audience, who began to cheer, and soon became quiet, and listened through the storm, to the end of the performance. Madame Lentner was so much alarmed at the vivid lightning that she fainted. The Jubilee came to an end on Saturday, July 6, and the chorus singers have already returned to their homes. The British Grenadier Band has sailed for England, and the other foreign bands, after filling a few temporary engagements, will shortly follow.

LONDON, July 11.—A despatch from Aden, Arabia, announces the arrival there of Stanley, the Herald's African correspondent, and says he will start to-day for London, in company with a son of Livingstone. Stanley is the bearer of letters from Livingstone for the British government, as well as for the family and friends of the long-absent explorer. Stanley says that when he left the interior of Africa Livingstone was unwell, but was nevertheless determined to proceed with his explorations, and will not return until he has ascertained the true source of the Nile.

A special from Madrid, dated the 11th, says Dr. Houard is free. An order from Madrid offered his release as an act of pardon, to which he demurred, as his acceptance of it might appear as an acknowledgement of guilt, and a waive of his right to compensation. He was then turned or forced out from his place of confinement.

David Paul Brown, Esq., the well-known Philadelphia lawyer and author, died July 11, in the 77th year of his age.

BASE BALL.

CLEVELAND VS. ECKFORD.

At New York, July 6, the Forest City of Cleveland defeated the Eckford by the following score:—

Cleveland	1	1	7	0	5	3	3	2	2—34
Eckford	0	2	0	1	1	0	1	0	0—5

ATHLETIC VS. CLEVELAND.

At Philadelphia, July 8, the Athletic defeated the Forest City of Cleveland, by the following score—

Athletic	3	5	0	0	1	1	0	2	1—13
Forest City	2	1	0	2	1	0	0	1	0—8

BALTIMORE VS. CLEVELAND.

At Baltimore, July 9, the Baltimore defeated the Forest City of Cleveland, by a score of 7 to 5.

HAYMAKERS VS. ECKFORDS.

At New York, July 9, the Haymakers defeated the Eckfords by a score of 15 to 3.

ATHLETIC VS. OLYMPIC.

At Philadelphia, July 10, the Athletic defeated the Olympic by the following score:—

Athletic	4	6	0	0	5	0	1	0	7—23
Olympic	0	5	0	0	0	0	0	5	0—10

HAYMAKERS VS. MUTUAL.

At New York, July 10, the Haymakers played a match game with the Mutual Club. Only eight innings were played. The score was as follows:—

Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0—4
Haymakers	2	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	1—7

A Fortunate Escape.

A thrilling incident is related of the disturbed state of mind of Jullien, the great orchestral leader, during the last year of his life. Previous to this, he had met with great pecuniary misfortunes, and while in Paris, at the instance of an Englishman, had been imprisoned in Clichy, for debt. One morning, after his release he was seated at the piano, when he suddenly rose, with a knife in his hand, and addressing a young lady who was on a visit to the house, told her he had an inspiration from heaven to kill her. With wonderful presence of mind, she declared she was ready to die, but asked him to grant her one favor before fulfilling his mission. "What is it," he demanded; I have power to agree to whatever you may ask." She begged him to play one of his own compositions on the piccolo. He consented, and went to an adjoining room for the instrument. She turned the key on him and rang for assistance. He was taken to Dr. Pinet's Maison de Sante, known as "La Folie St. James," where he died, raving mad, on March 14, 1860.

A HINT FOR THE CHARITABLE.—The following letter, found upon a professional beggar lately arrested at Newburyport, Mass., while representing himself as the son of a clergyman, in needy circumstances, and thus robbing them of their charity, speaks for itself:

Newburyport, June 6.—Darling Old Wife:—I did first rate last night considering that this is a small town of only 12,000. I made 18.90 clear. I have to keep a little to go on with. I send you a money order $8; take it up to the Post Office to the hole where they buy the postage stamps, and they will give you the money. Get your boots and hat at once for my sake, dearest. I will have plenty of money in a few days. A clergyman's wife here, when she heard I had a baby, gave me a lot of baby clothes; them's with me. In haste, my own precious wife. Your loving husband, LEWIS.

☞ The washerwomen of Detroit are organizing a trades union to protect themselves against "Chinese cheap labor."

☞ The *Danbury News* says: "A young lady writes to learn why we do not have a department for 'answers to correspondents.' The reason is simple. We once announced we would gladly receive questions on various topics and endeavor to answer them satisfactorily. The first inquiry received was in relation to a little amount we owed the writer. We think it was eight dollars. We borrowed the money and returned a 'satisfactory answer,' but it put back our business full a year. The young lady thinks such a department would be very lively. We found it so."

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WIT AND HUMOR.

AN UNMANAGEABLE ECHO.

Up in the Lehigh Valley there is a hotel-keeper who has a mountain about a quarter of a mile from his house, and it occurred to him that it would be a good idea if he could fix things so that a magnificent echo would be heard from the mountain by persons who stood at his hotel and hallooed. He thought the phenomenon might attract visitors.

He engaged a boy named Jim Simms, who lived over on the mountain, to be on hand every day from twelve to two, and to secrete himself behind a little clump of trees, and when he saw anybody on the roof of the hotel, and heard them calling, to repeat their words fifty or sixty times in a voice which should grow fainter and fainter. He made Jim practice, and the result was splendid. So one day the landlord announced that he had discovered that a noble echo could be heard from the roof of the hotel. He took a lot of people up to let them enjoy the discovery.

The guests called for half an hour, but without hearing any echo. The landlord was crimson with rage; but just as he was about to give it up the voice of Jim came sailing over the river to this effect: "Bin down to the spring fur mother. Fire away, now, I'm all right." The guests smiled. The landlord glided down-stairs and tore over to Simms's, where he shook James up a few times, and gave him a lecture and some fresh instructions. In a few days the landlord rushed up a new crowd of guests to hear the echo. It worked grandly for a while, but all of a sudden it stopped in the middle of an impressive reverberation. In vain the callers strove to awake the echo. It was dumb. But, presently, in answer to an exceedingly boisterous cry, the following strain was wafted across from Mr. Simms: "You come over here and make him gimme my knife, and then I'll holler. He's a settin' on me." The landlord dropped down-stairs and charged over to the mountain. There was Mr. James Simms lying prone upon the ground, with a big boy holding him down and whacking him. Mr. Simms and his antagonist had engaged in a game of mumbly-peg, during which the big boy had seized Mr. Simms's knife, and Jim all at once lost his interest in the echo business. The landlord went home, ascended the stairs, and nailed the trap door fast. No more echoes for him.

THE NEW HOG-CAR.

The Cleveland *Leader* thus describes the Bergh palace hog-car: When the swine wish to slumber, they blow a whistle made from the tail of a brother who has gone before; the conductors enter and conduct them to a hot Russian bath in the rear end of the car, after which they are rubbed down with rough towels, a lunch of old boots and ice-cream furnished. Not a squeal is ever heard on these cars, nothing but grunts of satisfaction, and a skilled musician puts in from eight to twenty-four hours a day playing on a cottage organ, and singing such ballads as the "Ham-Fat Man," "The Watch on the Rhine," "When the Pigs Come Home," etc. In fact, life is one perpetual holiday on the hog trains until they arrive within a few miles of Jersey City, when the train is stopped, a steam fire-engine throws a stream of chloroform into each car, and the inmates sink into a slumber from which they do not awaken in this world of trichinæ, butcher-knives, smoked ham, headcheese, and death.

HE UNDERSTOOD IT.

School-boys sometimes answer the questions in the book very glibly, and much to the pride and satisfaction of the teacher, with but little comprehension of the meaning of the words. In a certain school the geography class was once called up to pass examination before the committee-man, and questions were asked about St. Helena and the grave there of Napoleon Bonaparte. "Where has he since been entombed?" was the next question.

"In Paris, with great pomp," answered the pupil very readily, and in the exact words of the book.

"Right; and what do you understand by 'great pomp?'" asked the committee-man.

"A big nigger!" responded the youth, unhesitatingly; and then observing a surprised expression creeping over the faces of the listeners, he added, "I s'pose they buried him with one of his old slaves!"

A GRAND BALANCE.

A minister who, after a hard day's labor, was enjoying a "tea dinner," kept incessantly praising the ham, and stating that "Mrs. Dunlap at home was as fond of ham as he was," when the mistress kindly offered to send her the present of one. "It's unco kin' o' ye, unco kin'; but I'll no put ye tae the trouble o' sending it, I'll just tak' it hame on the horse afore me." When, on leaving, he mounted, and the ham was put into a sack, some difficulty was experienced in getting it to lie properly. His inventive genius soon cut the Gordian knot. "I think, mistress, a cheese in the ither end would make a grand balance." The hint was immediately acted on, and, like another John Gilpin, he moved away with his "balance true."

HIS LINE.—Clerical Gentleman (who objects to smoke and means to make an example.)—"May I inquire your name, sir?" Commercial.—"To be sure you may. I'm Davis, from Bradford, in the stuff trade. What line might yours be?" Clerical Gentleman (with irony.)—"The spiritual, sir." Commercial (not noticing the irony.)—"Is it, though? What an awful price you've got gin up to, the last fortnight!" The clerical gentleman discovered he had a friend in another car.

NOT TO BE FOOLED.—On an avenue railroad a countryman recently handed the conductor a dollar bill. The conductor politely in return gave him one fifty-cent package and two quarter packages. Verdant (stretching himself at full length.)—"See here, mister, I've travelled too much around this 'ere world to have you pass a lot of garden seeds on me. No, sir'ee; give me my change."

WHERE HE CUT IT.—One day a son of the Emerald Isle, travelling on the highway, after having just cut a shillelagh from a young plantation, was met by the owner, who demanded of Pat, in an angry tone, where he had cut that stick. Pat, turning to him, and pointing to the end of the stick, coolly replied, "Just right through there, sur."

THE BACK TRACK.—Youth. "I say, cabby, will this road take me to Harlem?"

Cabby (considering). "Harlem? Eh? Oh yes, that 'll take ye to Harlem."

Youth (preparing to depart). "Thanks—much obliged—thanks!"

Cabby (suddenly). "But you'll hev to turn round and go the other way."

Youth stands still for fifteen minutes, and then doesn't see it.

ART CRITIC (who, having "liquored up" considerably, fails to observe that as yet he is only in the lobby of the saleroom, and is standing before a mirror, which, purchased at a previous sale, still retains its ticket)—Ah! portrait 'f gen'lman, I sh'pose—hic! writes)—drawing exsh'cr'ble—great want 'taste in the choice of subject. Fit only for a place in tap-room of a public 'ouse!

☞ "Forever," in the rhetoric of a woman's affection, is a sentimental hyperbole meaning a period of exactly two months.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 27.

AMONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Trapped all about that part of the country for nearly twenty years. Had some tormenting *scrimmages* with the top-knots. Followed up the southern forks of the L—— river and its other tributaries. Run a smart chance once of getting some new eye-sockets in the back of my head.

How did they do it?

Easiest thing in the world. Get a good sight on you and send a bullet, which gouges out a new cavity as quick as a wink. Oh, you mean give you the details? Yes, yes.—Well, Burt, and I, and Dummus, a half-breed, shouldered our traps in the fall of eighteen hundred and something—my head's so full of figures and dates that it is hard work to straighten them out—and started in a west of northerly course from the trading post, determined to bring in a pack of peltries, or leave our own somewhere in the passes of the Rocky Mountains. We followed the winding course of the fork past the old portages, until we came upon a well-wooded vicinity—where the cottonwood and willow made a beaver's paradise; but a week's stay gave such poor returns, that we pushed farther up toward the north. It was evident by the appearance of the ground thereabout—our first camping place—that the reds had been trapping there before us. A cold spell overtook us as we climbed a ridge of mountainous hills, intervening between us and the immediate Rocky Mountain chain, and one night we pretty nearly got snowed in, having encamped at the mouth of a ravine, down through which the wind got us rake-ways; however, we floundered out in the morning, getting some sorry tumbles by walking unsuspectingly into ditches and fissures. Once over this ridge of hills, and we came out upon a pleasant valley, with quite a different temperature from that which we had just experienced. Right across the stream was a precipitous rise of rocky bluffs, upon which the black-tailed deer and big-horn, a quarter of a century ago, were as plentiful as beavers, but predatory man had thinned their ranks until it was a most pleasing sight to the hunter to have one of the animals come within range.

We followed the bank of the stream down for miles, setting our traps in choice places, and then returned at night to our camp.

Indians? Yes. Mostly thievish in their deviltry, yet standing no great provocation to become murderous as well.

One morning Dummus came up from his traps in a huge ferment. There had been beavers in them, but how had they got out? That was the question. There were tracks about the traps—wolves' tracks, too, and Burt suggested, with myself, that we should prepare a trap to catch the marauders. Dummus shook his head and thought the matter over silently.

"Wait," was all the answer that he would give us.

Directly it came to be a fixed fact that some of the traps were robbed every night. We strung them farther up and down the stream with no better success. We then proposed to move off in another direction.

"Wait," said the half-breed again. "See more of it—want to catchee bymby."

Burt and myself knew better than to get impatient, for Dummus was a shrewd fellow, and used to wood-craft.

One evening, on returning from a three-mile tramp to set our traps, we were astounded to find our camp disarranged, and our pile of peltries scattered about and torn, and many of them gone entirely. Both angry and impatient now, we declared that we would either take some method of securing the predatory visitors, or move on.

"Move on; they scent us—watchee trap."

But to do this each one must go his separate way, and that would leave the camp exposed.

"Big beaver lower down; no wolf—no wolf," said the half-breed, narrowly examining the tracks. "Too big dents here and here. Moccasin there and there."

Then he explained to us that the dent apparently made by the large part of the foot-pad was borne into the track heavily, while the toe-claw marks were fainter.

According to arrangement, that night we moved off, as formerly, to set our traps, but after going on a mile we turned in our tracks, and striking into a growth of cotton-wood and thick bush, we cautiously crept back toward our camp. Here, lying full length upon our stomachs, we watched for results.

Daylight had faded, but a young moon reflected itself within the stream, and bathed the hill-tops with a soft glimmer, while the valleys lay darkly in the shadow. We had not been in this position over half an hour when the half-breed gave a low, peculiar exclamation, and pointed toward a hilly ridge a little to the east of our camp. There, boldly defined against the eastern sky appeared a moving animal. It moved with the greatest caution, stopping often to listen, and was almost immediately followed by another, and then a third. With all the stealth of the wolf they advanced down the slope, at its base breaking into a long gallop. Creeping with caution toward the camp, they once in awhile threw up their muzzles, as if to scent the air.

I confess I was never so nonplussed in my life. They were, they must be wolves; yet there was the half-breed's twenty-five years of experience to offset it. We occupied a position which allowed a good view of their movements, and the light from our camp-fire revealed a strange trick for an animal—the pawing over of our peltries—evidently choosing the best from the lot. This was too much for Burt's equanimity. Without giving warning, he sprang up, levelled his rifle and fired, then charged upon them with an ear-splitting whoop.

The thieves made a dash for a ravine, somehow cutting the fastenings of their coverings as they ran. The darkness of the ravine into which they dashed concealed them, and made it rash for us to venture far after them. In the morning we found traces of blood leading some distance into the gorge, but suddenly it ceased and all trail was lost.

We again packed up and pushed forward, without much hope of evading our foes, who were doubtless a number of that sneaking tribe, the Crows, we having heard before starting out that a small party of them hovered about the locality in which we had tarried.

We pushed on fifty miles further. Burt during this time had brought down a buffalo, and I another, on the meat of which, with our corn, we feasted in luxuriant style.

Soon after our settling down in what we intended should be our winter quarters, we were visited by two mounted Indians, who approached us in a friendly enough manner, and exchanged some peltries which they had for powder and a knife or two. Dummus understood their language pretty well, and declared them to belong to one of those tribes whom civilization drives farther and farther west each succeeding year.

We soon found ourselves to be in a locality rich with furred animals, and congratulated ourselves upon our choice surroundings. Here we sallied forth often, and brought home sometimes a deer, and occasionally a bear, so that we got a store of provision laid in for quite a trapping campaign. We set our traps mostly up stream a mile or two, and opposite our camping ground it spread out smooth, but just a little way below us it fell slightly, and directly below that point the banks crowded in, making the bed deep and narrow, and forming one of those places which in earlier explorations were called portages, and up which the voyageurs with much labor towed their canoes with their freight.

We constructed a raft from the trees growing in the vicinity, so that we could cross over when we chose, and set our traps upon the other side. In two months' time we had accumulated a rich store of peltries.

One day Dummus, who was a master hand to stray off prospecting, returned with a downcast visage. He had come upon fresh tracks, and following them had found where they led down in the direction of our camp. Still, there was a chance that it might be simply a party of hunters, like ourselves, striking out for new quarters, but the information did not please us. A watch was kept—but days passed, and we were undisturbed and had grown careless, and nearly forgotten the occurrence.

Burt had his mind on possibilities, however, for with the craft of the backwood's sharper, he had found time to drive some pegs on the underside of the raft. Soon after this, in a prowl about the fork he had come upon a trail again. This proved that a predatory, if not hostile party, was hovering in our vicinity to secure our furs and other valuables.

Burt then prepared some hollow reeds—a sort of wild wormwood stalk—in pieces about eighteen inches long.

"Had to try that once," he said, concisely. "It's a good way to breathe if you have to swim under water. Hold them firmly between your teeth and let the farther end project above the surface. You can get the hang of it so as to breathe quite freely."

Dummus gave a sort of affirmatory grunt.

That very night, Burt, disturbed and restless, saw a head protruding from a neighboring cliff, and with that recklessness peculiar to wild hunters, seized his piece and fired. In a minute a yell, as from a score of demon throats rent the air, and a horde of savages, in all the glory of vermillion and black, poured down the defile.

"We're in for it," shouted Burt. "Quick work, boys, or them top-knots will have the material for a scalp dance to-morrow. To the raft! to the raft! and shove across the stream."

We struck off the ground between our camp and the waters of the fork, with rapidity, if not with precision.

Throwing ourselves flat down upon the raft, we pushed off while a shower of balls, and one or two arrows came plunk, plunk, into the stream around us. The water by the near shore was very deep and ran with a rapid current, so that we usually dropped down some yards before we swung out of it onto a level slide. We had to lie close, for there was a shower of lead falling, and we suspected that they might have a canoe among them, in which to push after us.

"Get onto the 'other side," says Burt, "and we can hide along the strip of wood, and from thence freckle their skins a trifle—the varmints."

At this Dummus gave a huge grunt. We were rapidly nearing the other bank, and the darkness of the night would favor us in landing.

Another grunt, and the half-breed drew his head up and chucked it down and flattened his nose into the chinks of the raft.

"Black heap on shore—no bush there—two heap—three—back, back."

Heavens! it was true; we were almost run upon a party of crouching figures that, silent as death, were awaiting our approach. The slight ejaculation which the half-breed had made warned them that they had been discovered, and a gaunt form came up with extended rifle.

"Leap! whispered Burt, and catch by the pins under the raft—they have a canoe."

There was the sound as of one plunge, we leaped so precisely together.

"I hear them coming," he continued, with his head on a level with the logs, "keep by the raft as long as possible, but get the reeds in your mouths, throw your faces well up and drop off when they spring on to the structure."

A howl rang out when the demons reached the raft and saw nothing of the party whose lives they sought, but being well versed in savage tricks, one or two leaped upon the logs and drove their tomahawks down through the chinks.

They then dropped upon their knees, and hewed the water around the frail structure, but we had silently dropped our hold a moment before and were drifting several yards away. Baffled, yet fired with that deadly persistency, usual to the savage or bloodthirsty nature, they towed the raft back to the shore, and examined it no doubt more closely at their leisure. We floated and swam as far down as we dared, lest we should get into too close vicinity of some of the falls, with which the river abounded.

We then came cautiously to land, and drenched to the skin, and with wet and useless rifles, struck off to the eastward.

For a long time we felt no cravings of hunger, we were burning with so bitter a desire of revenge, for Burt and myself both declared that we had heard from one of the parties that sprang upon the raft, a civilized white man's oath. So, then, we were robbed of our rich winter's spoils by some one of those demoniac renegades, who outlawed from christianized society, band themselves with the red men and stir up their hot, infernal natures to deeds of violence and bloodshed. We resolved to keep cautiously on our course until we should be fortunate enough to find supplies, and then to turn on our tracks and strive to re-capture our peltries, and wreak deserved revenge on our foes.

Suffering intensely from cold and hunger, on the morning of the fourth day after our escape, we sighted from an eminence the smoke of a camp-fire, and mending our laggard pace we advanced and threw ourselves into a circle of Oregonians trapping beaver on the little O—— river and its tributaries. Here we learned that a few days previously the hunters had had a skirmish with a war party of Cheyennes who had finally headed off in the direction which we had recently come. It might, and it might not be the identical party who had attacked us, and which we were ready to take oath was commanded by a white man.

Not feeling satisfied with the supplies afforded us by the trappers, and knowing that the best part of the trapping season was passing, we struck across the plains to the nearest post and bargained for horses and a fresh supply of ammunition, and then hunted for a trail whereby to track the thievish miscreants.

We found stinging cold weather on the mountainous slopes, with frequent storms of snow and sleet, and experienced raking winds from the west that blew through the mountain gorges with tremendous force, but in the vallies the temperature was more mild.

Late on the eighth day we came upon a few lodges of Shoshones. From these, by the aid of Dummus, we learned that a small party of Crows laden with peltries had passed to the southward some days before our arrival. No doubt these were the same sneaks that had robbed us; we therefore got a supply of poor provisions from these poverty-stricken aborigines, and pushed rapidly forward. No doubt the rascals were prowling about stealing all the peltries they could come across, and would a little later get them into some trading post and dispose of them. If possible we must prevent this.

On the twelfth day we struck upon a fresh trail, and followed it as rapidly as proper caution would allow. From every elevation we scanned the far country in quest of the renegade party.

On the thirteenth night of our pursuit we camped in a sheltered gorge, well up the side of a long, hilly range which we must cross on the morrow.

That night we experienced a huge alarm, being startled out of sleep by what we thought was a discharge of fire-arms. Seizing our weapons, we sprang to our feet. All was silent over the vast plains below, and the mountains above echoed no sound. We gazed at each other in great perplexity, but at that moment the report came again from the direction of the Pilot Knobs, and the half-breed explained that our alarm originated in one of those mysterious phenomena of nature, being strange explosions occurring somewhere in the bowels of the earth. By hard pushing forward on the fourteenth, we came as near the party as we dared in daylight. With nightfall we advanced to reconnoitre. They had camped for the night on a well-wooded point on the banks of the O——. Dummus crept forward to make discoveries. He returned with the intelligence that the party now consisted of but four persons and eight horses, four for riding, four for pack beasts. Strangely enough, not one of us had a passing doubt but that this was the very party of raiders that had made off with our property, and remembering that they had intended no mercy for us—had set a murderous trap for us to fall into, and that only the darkness of the night prevented them from gliding down the stream and spearing us like so many salmon when we came up to breathe—we hardened our hearts for the attack.

They rested in fancied security, never dreaming that we were mounted and in pursuit of them all these days.

At midnight, with a yelp like that of an Arctic dog, Dummus led the attack. His first movement, tomahawk in hand, was a decisive one. His second was no failure. From Burt's slower action one escaped. I saw that the animals were let alone, knowing well what a desperate rush even one lone savage will make for horses and plunder.

"Did you kill the white renegade?"

"Ten to one if he wasn't the sneak that escaped."

"Why didn't you see to that?"

"I?" said the rough hunter. "I couldn't. If we had come upon them in an open manner, I wouldn't have minded trying my hand at tattooing them; as it was, my soul revolted from the wolfish manner of stealing upon our prey."

"About the peltries—were they safe?"

"We brought them in all right. But zounds! the funds of the hunter and trapper are like smoke—they evaporate. Dummus squandered his portion at the Post in an Indian cat-a-waul and promiscuous legging. Burt's share and my own were swallowed by the king-of-spades and the deuce."

AUGUSTUS HATES CALLS.

"Augustus, love, let me *entreat* you! *Do* not give way to any insane demonstrations of delight before the servant, if she says they're not at home!"

HOW TO TREAT FAINTING PEOPLE.

There are some observations in the Lancet which might be studied with advantage by police constables. Referring to a case which lately occurred in New York, in which death speedily followed the extraction of teeth after an ineffectual endeavor to administer nitrous oxide gas, the Lancet maintains that had the patient, who had fainted from terror, been laid flat on the floor instead of being kept in an upright position, she would probably have recovered in a few minutes; and it then points out the danger of treating syncope by the erect posture, instancing the case of a poor woman who lately fainted on an English race-course, and, having been placed by a policeman in a sitting posture, was only saved from death by the accident of a doctor happening to pass by at the moment and laying her down until she recovered.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. J. W. (Issaquena, Va.) writes: "Having become involved in an unfortunate love affair, and entertaining only platonic regard for the subject of my pretended adoration, I appeal to you to suggest to me some honorable means by which I can extricate myself from the engagement existing between us. I have already resorted to every insidious expedient which human ingenuity is capable of devising to induce her to release me from the engagement, into which I almost involuntarily entered, and of which I have sincerely repented, in consequence of the compunctious visitings of nature, to which my conscience has been a constant prey. But as yet every effort to accomplish the desired object has entirely failed of success. So I am utterly at a loss as to what course to pursue in the premises. Some of my friends advised me to manifest a disposition to become a victim to alcoholic stimulation, which I flattered myself would have the desired effect. But upon a trial of the remedy I found her not so easily routed, as it only tended to excite her compassionate regard for me, and evidently increased her affection. I sometimes think that I had rather sacrifice my hope of conjugal felicity by leading her to the hymenial altar than make a candid confession of my insincerity, and thus render myself liable to the accusation of attempting to tamper with the affections of a woman. But then she has no worldly advantages to offer me in the way of goods and chattels, and but a few personal attractions, of an inferior order, which I regard as wholly insufficient to justify such a sacrifice of life and liberty. So rest assured that any advice you may give me by which I can effect an honorable retreat will be thankfully acknowledged." Your fault is, it would appear, the common one of making a hasty engagement. Now do not be too hasty in breaking it off. But if, after due consideration, you are convinced that you do not and cannot love the lady, the only honorable course you can pursue is to tell her so. To marry a woman while you do not love her, in obedience to a false dictate of honor, is an offence which a high-minded woman could scarcely forgive. It is not optional with you—you are *bound in honor* to inform her of the true state of your feelings. It may be a severe blow to her, but nothing like as severe as to waken up some day after marriage to find that a man has married her out of mere honor, or mere pity, and that the husband to whom she is fettered for life does not love her. But we may again take occasion here, to condemn the hasty engagements into which so many young people rush now-a-days, and to warn all our youthful readers against the folly of speaking before they are fully assured of their own minds.

I. H. M. (Felton, Del.,) writes: "May I presume to ask you a few questions? 1st. Would it be correct to wear a Society pin—a small one—on a cravat? or should it be worn on a badge when you have one on, and where should the badge be worn? 2d. Which is generally considered the easiest to learn, German or French? 3d. Does it harm a person more to smoke cigarettes than to smoke cigars? 4th. Will you be kind enough to explain what causes the rise and fall of the tides? 5th. On which finger is it proper for gentlemen to wear a ring? 6th. What is the past tense of the verb, to dream? 7th. What color for kids is most popular for gentlemen in summer? 8th. Does it really harm the hair to use hair dye, and to what extent?" 1st. It would be quite correct, but it is more customary now to wear society marks in the form of charms instead of in pins. Badges are usually worn on the front of the coat, and it would be proper to wear the pin in the badge. 2d. French is considered the easiest to learn. 3d. Cigarettes are less injurious, as they contain much less tobacco than cigars. 4. The tidal movement is caused by the attraction of the sun and moon, principally of the moon. This attractive pull on the surface affects the fluid matter of the ocean, drawing it up to a ridge beneath the moon. There is a similar ridge on the other side of the earth, while the water laterally is flattened by the action of the same cause.—Thus there are two localities of high and two of low tide, which follow the movement of the moon around the earth. 5th. Gentlemen usually wear rings on the little finger, but they can be worn on the third, if preferred. 6th. It has two correct forms of the past tense, dreamed and dreamt. Both are used by good writers. 7th. Any light color may be worn, according to the taste of the wearer. Gentlemen of an unpretentious stamp do not generally wear gloves in summer, except on special occasions, and we imagine that many ladies would be glad to follow their example, and lay aside their kids for the summer. 8th. Hair dye harms not only the hair, but the head which it covers. Well accredited cases of insanity and paralysis have occurred from the persistent use of hair dye, and cases are on record in which nitrate of silver has been found in the brain, resulting from the use of dye.

F. L. (Madison, O.), says: "I have been disputing with a number of persons in regard to the name of a certain fish, which inhabits the waters of Lake Erie in vast numbers. I claim that they are pickerel, and most of the folks around here claim they are pike. These fish, seen in brooks and rivulets in among the grass and weeds, and seen singly, my disputers claim are pickerel, and I claim they are pike. Which of us is right?" The pike occurs in the great lakes, and is probably the fish to which you refer, as the pickerel is more of a brook and river fish. The muskallonge, or pike of the lakes, is said to be from 30 to 48 inches long, and to sometimes weigh 90 lbs. The pickerel of the Eastern States is from 12 to 36 inches long. The short-nosed pickerel is still smaller, and is common in the rivers of New England. The pickerel belongs to the pike family. So that, in reality, they are but different species of pike. The name itself is but a diminutive form of pike.

NEW READER, (Easton, Pa.) says: "I should like to trouble you with a few questions. 1. Please give me a sure, and simple cure for warts. 2. Is —— a resident of Philadelphia? 3. In laughing, blushing, or in any excitement, tears come very readily, which is always a source of annoyance: can you give me a preventative? 4. What is your opinion of my handwriting? Would a few more flourishes improve it, or do you prefer it as it is?" 1. A common application for the removal of warts is some caustic, such as nitrate of silver, caustic potash, or strong acetic acid. These remedies must be used with care, as they are very poisonous, and strongly caustic in their action on the skin. Pow-wowing often seems to work well, perhaps by working on the imagination. And frequent applications of common chalk will cure some warts. 2. No. 3 We know no means of prevention. A constitutional weakness, such as this, is not easily remedied. You will find time the best cure. We do not think you should let such a matter annoy you, as there is certainly no harm in it. 4. Don't attempt to improve your handwriting by flourishes, or you may spoil it. It is very good as it is.

M. C., (Erie, Ind.) says: "I wish to ask a question or two through your valuable paper, viz.: 1. Is there any prospect of a decline in books? It does seem to me that present prices are too high. 2. What part of a person's income ought he to spend for literature? I spend 10 per cent. of actual cash receipts. Am a farmer, and so far receipts have not been very large." There is no present prospect of a decline. You are probably spending too much for books. Ten per cent. of cash receipts may be the whole of your income. Ten per cent. of your actual income would be a more reasonable sum.

C. O. D. (Fairton, N. J.) writes: "I am a young man, possessed of good qualities and honored ancestors. Having been favored by fortune, the future seems prosperous. The young gentleman about this vicinity are very jealous of me, because the ladies take more notice of me than of them. Now, must I seclude myself from society? or can you give me some advice that will make me agreeable to both sexes? If a gentleman riding along the road should meet another gentleman with a lady, and he should speak, which is proper, according to the rules of etiquette, to simply nod the head, or tip the hat? and if to tip the hat is proper, ought the lady to speak? Where can I get a book on etiquette, and what will be the price? What do you think of my handwriting for a farmer?" We do not exactly see how you are going to escape the jealousy of the gentlemen, if you will persist in being so attractive to the ladies. You had better try and diminish the attractiveness. Of course you cannot help being good looking, and had better hold on to your fine appearance. Perhaps it would answer to hint that you had run through your fortune, and appear as a man with nothing but his good qualities to recommend him. That is said to be sometimes very efficacious. It might be still better to attach yourself to some lady in particular. If considered as engaged property the gentlemen would have no further reason to be jealous. In meeting a gentleman acquaintance with a lady, you should politely raise your hat to him—and he should do the same to you. It is not expected that the lady should speak in reply. Any bookseller can furnish you with works on etiquette. Your handwriting is rather good.

B., (Jonesboro, Ill.) writes: "I thought I would drop you a few lines, without books or bait, if it would do no harm. We have had a great many locusts here this year, and there has been great talk how long they live or what they eat. I have watched them closely this year. They eat nothing, and do not live over forty days. Most of them live but thirty days. They come up out of the ground after sundown, and shed their old hull that night, and as quick as their wings dry go to singing, sing for two weeks, lay their eggs in the limbs of the trees, and die." The American "locust" is, we believe, properly speaking, not a locust at all, but the cicada, or harvest-fly. The true locust resembles a grasshopper, and is famed in Biblical story. It is stated in the books that the cicada feeds on vegetable juices. You are doing a service to science by watching them closely, but careless watching is little better than none.

A. (Hempian, Ill.,) writes: "Will you please answer the following, and oblige one who has been an admiring reader of your most excellent paper from childhood? About what amount will it cost me to take a trip to the Holy Land and Egypt, spending about six months in those countries exploring, and making a short call at England, Italy, and Greece, travelling and lodging second class? With a lady would the expense be more than doubled? Is a person twenty-eight years of age too old to study Greek and Hebrew, and how long would it take me to learn sufficient of these languages to make my travels in those countries more beneficial, I being now a good scholar, with a fair smattering of Latin and Greek? Would the expense be very great in bringing trophies from Palestine? You stated lately that the engagement ring should be worn on the third finger of the left hand; I always thought it should be worn on the first finger." To make the journey you propose, and spend six months in the countries mentioned, will cost you for *inevitable* expenses about $1000, travelling first class. You can do it second class for about $300 less. The expenses need not be more than doubled in order to take a lady companion—though they probably would be. Greek and Hebrew have been studied by persons of twice your age—but we do not see how you can expect any special benefit from a knowledge of them, as they are not spoken to any extent in the countries referred to. The length of time it would take you to learn them depends so greatly on your memory and aptitude for languages that we can name no time. The expense would depend entirely on the weight of the trophies. The books say that the engagement ring should be worn on the *first* finger of the left hand; but the universal custom in polite society at this time, is to wear it on the third. Books of etiquette are not very reliable. They are often written by persons who are not qualified to speak with authority. The custom of the best society settles all disputed points.

F. E. F., (Seaboard, N. C.) Your contributions to the "*Riddler*" are accepted.

DECLINED.—"A Miner's Daughter," and "Memories," by May Maywood.

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

My 1, 2, 4, 5, is a hateful squint.
My 2, 3, 4, means just before.
My 4, 2, 1, is a very slippery thing.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, means always.
My 5, 4, 2, 1, is a dance.
My 4, 5, 2, means before.

My whole read forwards is an instrument by which the lifting of weights is greatly facilitated. Read backwards it means to carouse or make merry.

CRIS ANTHEMUM.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

About a farm my first is found,
My second leads unto it;
If my whole the farm encircle round,
It never will undo it.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

Splendor, show.
A bird.
A language.
An aromatic plant.
An opinion or doctrine.

II.

Refuse.
Seldom met with.
A large plant.
A prophet.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The French are a gay, courteous, gallant people, and passionately fond of national glory.

WORD SQUARE—

C R E W
R O M E
E M M A
W E A R

BURIED RIVERS—
1, Red. 2, Don. 3, Nile. 4, Indus. 5, Ohio. 6, Po.

RECEIPTS.

ICING.—Whites of 4 eggs, 1 pound powdered white sugar, lemon, vanilla, or other seasoning. Break the whites into a broad, clean, cool dish. Throw a small handful of sugar upon them, and begin whipping it in with long, even strokes of the beater. A few minutes later throw in more sugar, and keep adding it at intervals until it is all used up. Beat perseveringly always with a regular, sweeping movement of the whisk, until the icing is of a smooth, fine, and firm texture. Half an hour's beating should be sufficient if done well. If not stiff enough, put in more sugar. A little practice will teach you when your end is gained. If you season with lemon juice, allow, in measuring your sugar for the additional liquid. Lemon-juice or a very little tartaric acid whitens the icing. Use at least a quarter of a pound of each egg. This method of making icing was taught me by a confectioner as easier and surer than the old plan of beating the eggs first and alone. I have used no other since my first trial of it. The frosting hardens in one-fourth the time required under the former plan, and not more than half the time is consumed in the manufacture. I have often iced a cake but two hours before it was out, and found the sugar dry all through. Pour the icing by the spoonful on the top of the cake and near the centre of the surface to be covered, if the loaf is of such a shape that the liquid will settle of itself to its place it is best to let it do so. If you spread it, use a broad-bladed knife dipped in cold water. If it is as thick with sugar as it should be, you need not lay on more than one coat. You may set it in a moderate oven for three minutes if you are in great haste. The better plan is to dry in a sunny window where the air can get at it, and where there is no dust. Color icing by putting the grated peal of a lemon or orange in a thin muslin bag, straining a little juice through it, and squeezing it hard into the egg and sugar. Strawberry-juice colors a pretty pink, as does also cranberry syrup.

THE ART OF MAKING A LOAF OF CAKE.—Begin by getting in readiness all the utensils and ingredients to be used. See that the oven is at a proper temperature. Rich cake requires a slow even oven, plain cake a quick heat. Never add fuel while the cake is baking. Line the tins to be used with buttered paper. The fruit should be prepared, the flour sifted and measured, sugar, butter and milk, also apportioned out, the eggs laid in cold water to make them beat light. Never mix sweet and sour milk. Dissolve soda in a little water and strain, cream of tartar or baking powder must be sifted in with the flour. Sift spices through a fine hair sieve and strain the yolks of the eggs. The order of mixing the ingredients is as follows:

Put into an earthen dish the required amount of butter; stir with a wooden spoon until soft, then add the sugar, stirring until a fine cream is formed, next add the yolks of the eggs, then a little of the flour and very gradually the milk, stirring the batter all the time, then the flavoring and spices, lastly the whites beaten to a stiff froth alternately with the remainder of the flour; now beat the batter until the ingredients are thoroughly incorporated, this will ensure light fine grained cake. The best way to put in the fruit, after dredging them with flour, is in alternate layers with the sponge as you put it in the pan. Put the cake immediately in the oven and watch carefully, so much depends upon the baking. Avoid a draft of cold air while opening the oven. If the heat or fire is too great cover the cake for awhile with a piece of brown paper. Try with a broom splinter, if it comes out quite free from any particles of batter, the cake is done. If desirable to remove the cake at once from the pans, transfer it to the top of a sieve, until quite cold. The cake keeps much fresher, however, to remain in the pans. Cake must not be frosted until quite cold. A stone jar and a clean piece of linen will keep cake fresh a long time. Stale cake may be steamed, and eaten with hot sauce which makes an excellent pudding.

☞ "How much is that pie plant?" said a dweller of a quiet district to a vender of the material, Saturday evening. "Sixty cents," responded the dealer. "How much?" whispered the dweller, struggling to catch his breath. "Sixty cents," repeated the accommodating merchant. "Can it be possible there is a just heaven above us?" murmured the stranger. "Yes sir," said the vender, respectfully. The stranger withdrew.